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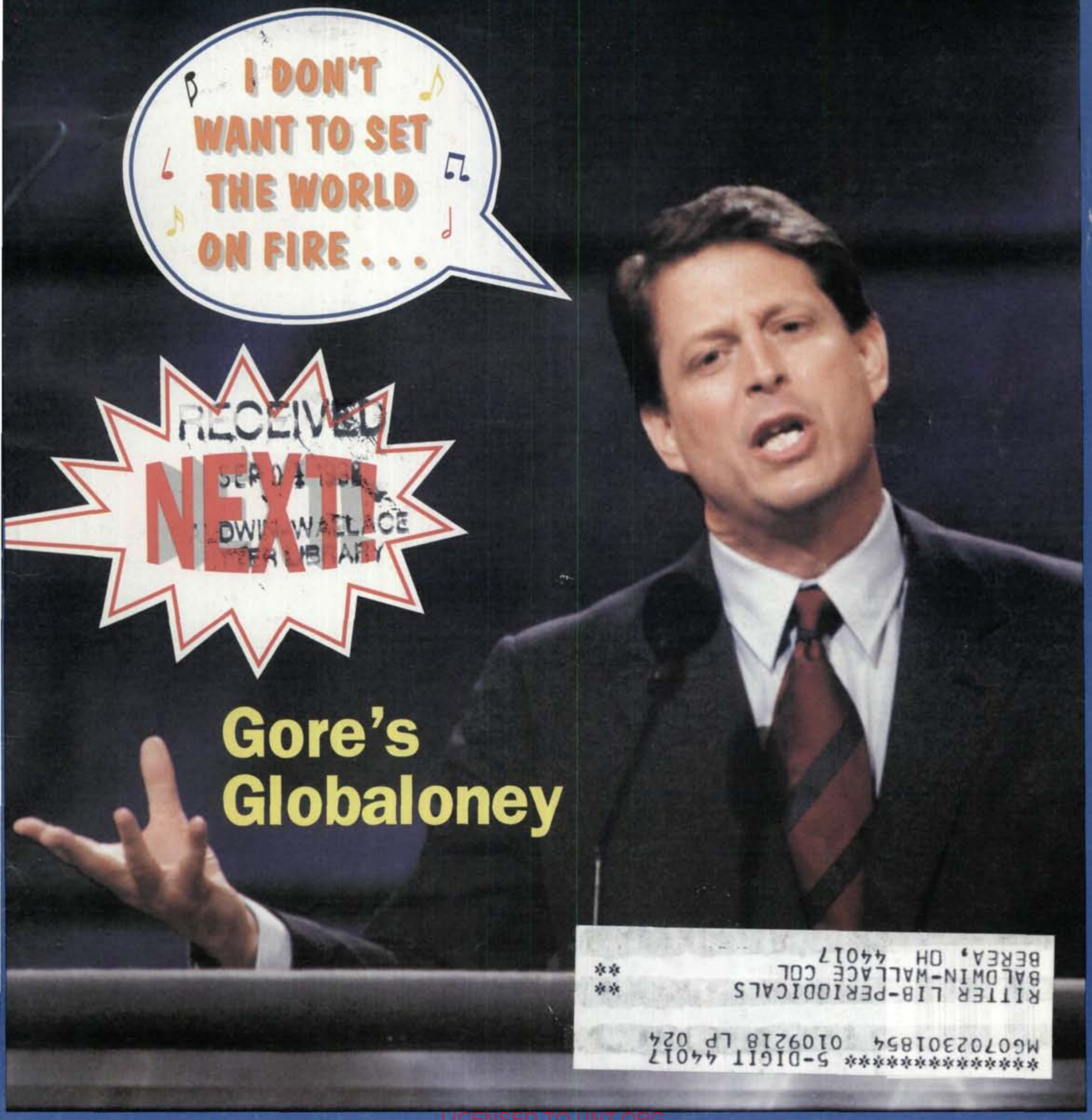
BACK TO SCHOOL ISSUE

Republicans after Houston: Buckley, Brookhiser, McGurn

NATIONAL REVIEW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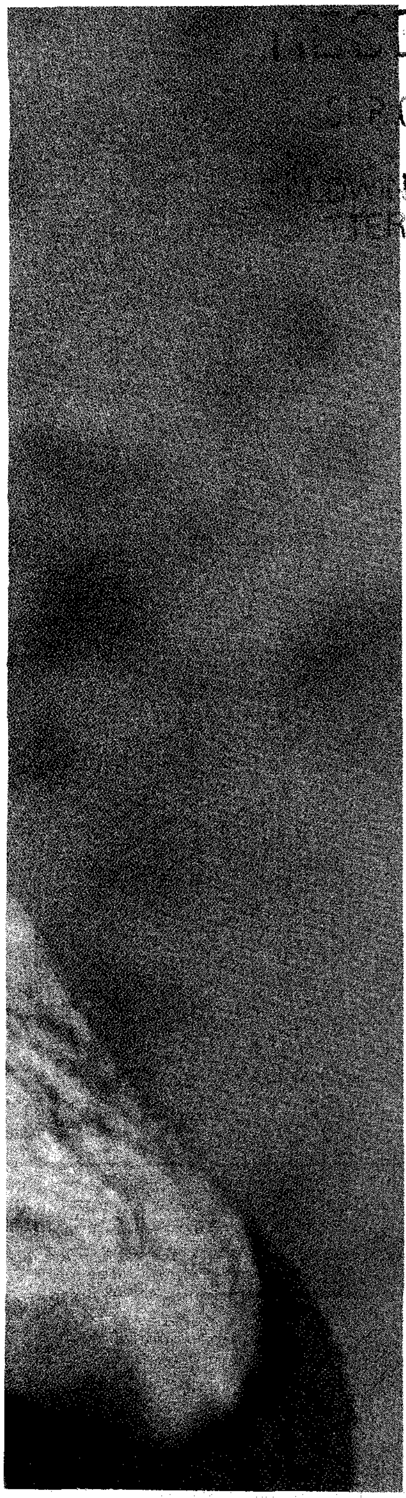

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NATIONAL REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 14, 1992 VOL. XLIV, NO. 18

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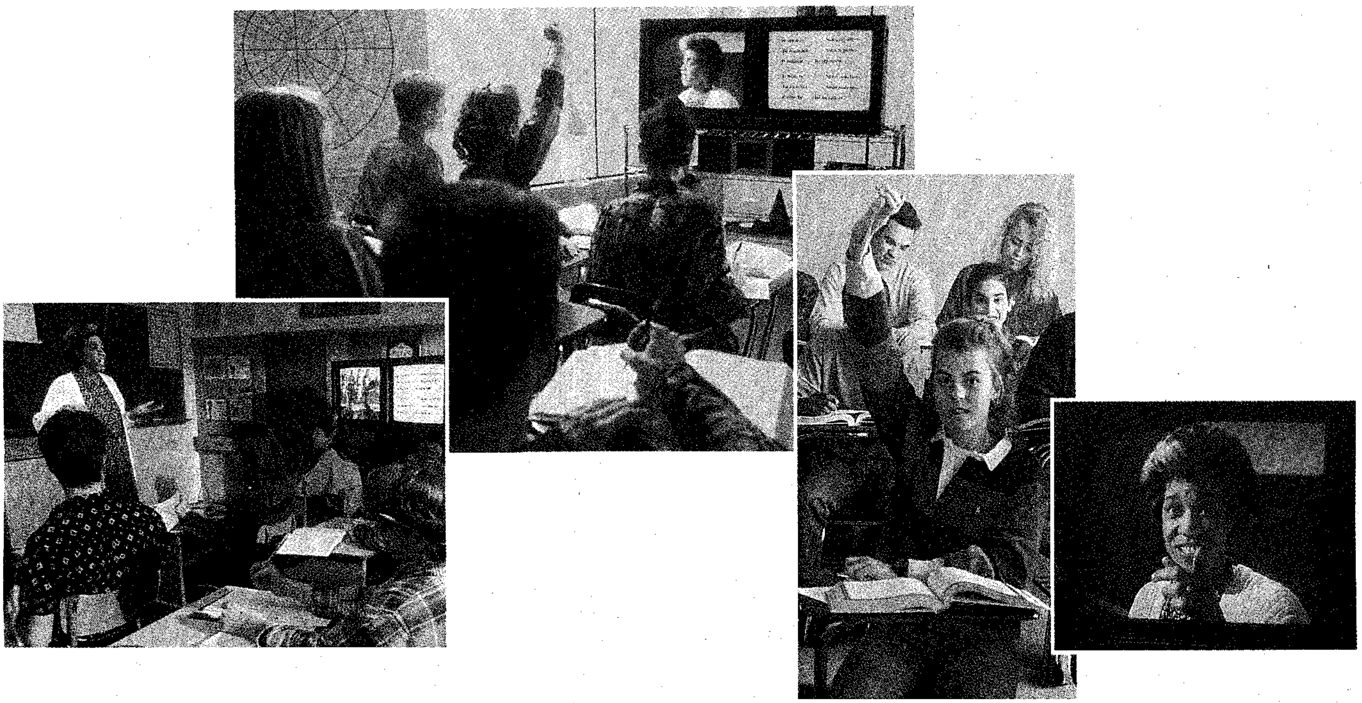
Now schools without French teachers can still have lessons in French.



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LETTERS

Discussing the Co-Pilot

Your editorial "Dropping the Co-Pilot" [Aug. 17] reaffirmed my conviction not that Vice President Quayle should have been dropped from the Republican ticket but that President Bush should have bowed out. You correctly stated that the main problem with the ticket was at the top. This is true in principle and as a matter of practical politics.

First, the President has been at the heights of popularity as well as his current lows with Dan Quayle. The Vice President doesn't seem to have affected the President's standing much; if anything, he has recently been practically the only person in the Bush–Quayle campaign who has been having an impact on the race itself. It was Dan Quayle who set the family-values agenda that the Democrats found it necessary to ape in their Convention.

Second, at the time of your editorial, strong Republican voices might have made President Bush, as a man of honor, realize that it was time to step down. With the way open for a strong ticket, names like Kemp, Bennett, Kirkpatrick, and Armey would have begun to surface. The successful principles of the Reagan Revolution would have been restored to Republican Presidential politics.

By asking President Bush to quit the race, we would have put our finger squarely on the problem, rather than seeming unfairly to blame a Vice President who has already had enough unfairness visited upon him. Once again we conservatives could have acted on our belief that right principles also make right politics. We could justifiably have said, "Mr. President, your place in History is secure. It is time to do the honorable thing and step aside."

Kenneth Cecire
Newport News, Va.

Your argument was well reasoned, but your substitute Vice Presidents are stale goods. Kemp, Bennett, and Cheney are nice people who add neither geography nor an issue.

Why the conservative movement refuses to advance fresh talent is beyond me. Add Governor Tommy Thompson of Wisconsin to the ticket and you get 11 electoral votes from Wisconsin. You also get the foremost advocate of school choice in America. No issue is more on the cutting edge for parents and grandparents.

In addition to winning 58 per cent of the vote in liberal Wisconsin, you gain an effective debater who didn't compromise on pro-life. Thompson also cut capital gains, repealed the inheritance tax, and used his line-item veto more than six hundred times. If we're going to drop the co-pilot in 1992, why not go with real change?

Robert J. Posch Jr.
Garden City, N.Y.

If the Republican Party stands for integrity, then everyone connected with it should stand for integrity—not expediency, and that includes *NR*. If the Vice President's reputation is so wholly undeserved, then go after the media—by article and name—not to mention Clinton and the guy who first publicized the Willie Horton story. If the President sinks with Dan Quayle, he goes honorably. If he axes Quayle, he will never again be trusted—nor will you.

John A. Doonan
Dover, Del.

Filling in Education Gaps

Ernest van den Haag's comments on monopolies and the overloaded administrative staffing at our schools are right on target ["Why Do American Kids Learn So Little?" July 20]. In California we apparently have one administrator for every seven students, while in Japan, they have one administrator for every twenty students.

Yet as a parent of school-age children, I must also point out some glaring omissions from this article. Nowhere does Mr. van den Haag mention parental involvement in the children's studies. Nowhere does he mention what the child does the other 17 hours a day when he is not in school. Nowhere does he mention the wonderful influence of video games, television, and trash teen movies on the work habits of today's children.

As much as there is to be done in cleaning up the inefficiency of educational bureaucracies, let's also remember that the problems in today's educational system have multiple causes and demand efforts to correct them at many levels.

Scott A. Citron
Carlsbad, Calif.

Common Sense

How could Messrs. Arkes, Bethell, and Toledano write so many words ["Meet Ross Perot," Aug. 3] explaining Mr. Perot, and never use the phrase "common sense," the absolute essence of the man and the dynamic force behind his overwhelming appeal? After thirty years of actively working in politics, supporting candidates and writing to elected officeholders, I surrendered to the fact that media and PACs were dictating my fate. By mid 1991, I had decided not to vote any more. Then by chance I caught Mr. Perot on C-SPAN. I had never heard such an abundance of common-sense solutions to our problems. I immediately ordered eleven transcripts of his speech and sent ten to friends. It was the first time that we ever unanimously agreed on anything. From then until H. Ross Perot's subsequent decision not to run for the Presidency, I shouted out his common-sense ideas to anyone who would listen.

J. Arthur Lenzi
Guilford, Conn.

Tomato Proud

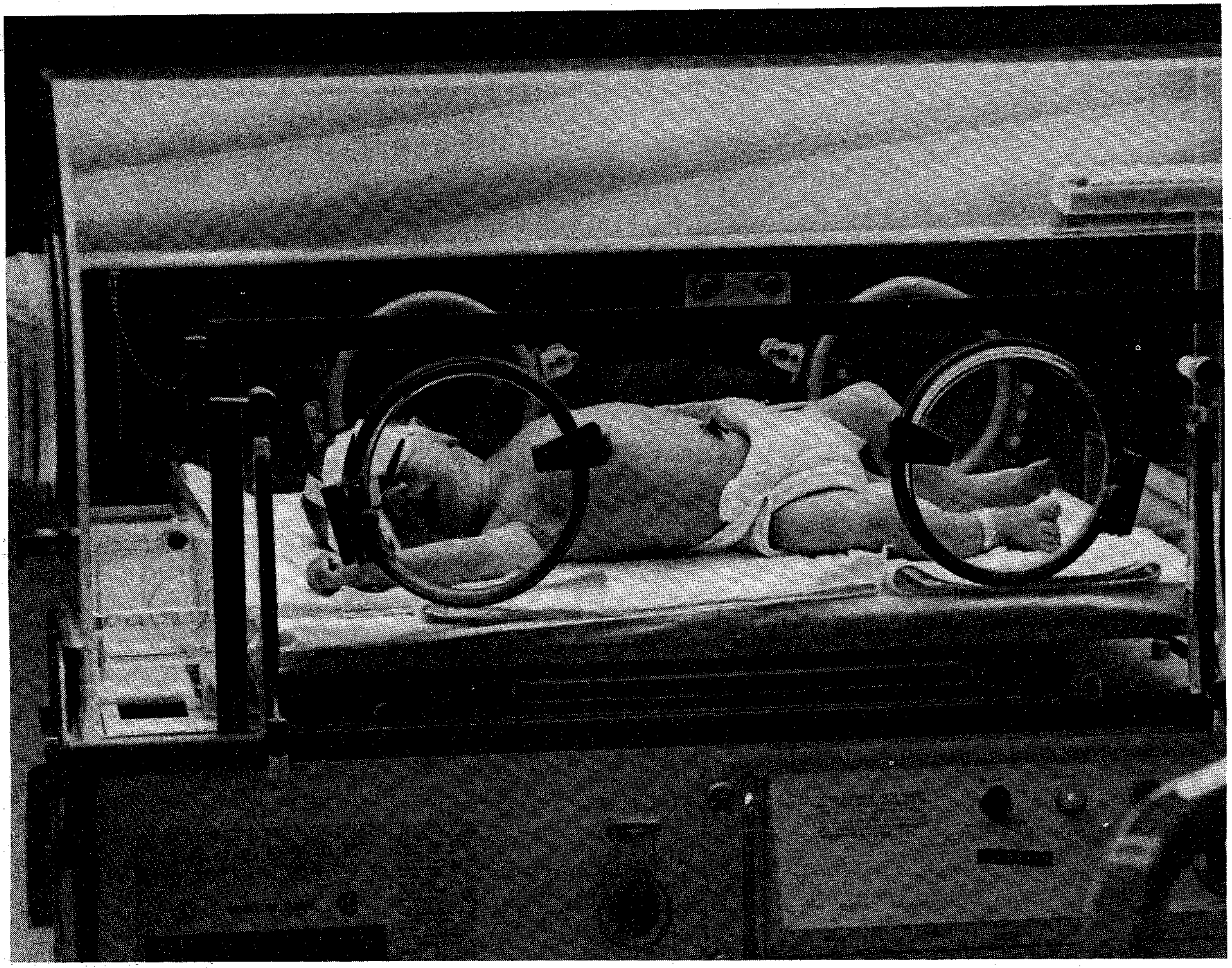
Though eloquent, Linda Bridges's article "The Tomato as Endangered Species" [Aug. 17] ultimately fell short, for the simple reason that it is impossible accurately and completely to discuss "what a real tomato is like" without mentioning the Garden State.

William F. Dowd
Freehold, N.J.

Darnay Details

Florence King's "Revenge on the Nerd" [Aug. 3], though I fully agree with the essential point, contains an avoidable error. It was *not* an old tutor whom Charles Darnay returned to France to save: it was the steward of his evil uncle's estate, one Monsieur Gabelle. Dickens was playing on words here, for the *gabelle* was the tax on salt, one of the most hated of all taxes. Nor had M. Gabelle anything to do with Darnay's Rousseauism, as the tale is written: Darnay simply wished to save a loyal old family retainer who had appealed to him. It's a trifle but worth nailing down. Let's not supply ammo to the oppo if we can help it, shall we?

John H. Lowry
Terre Haute, Ind.



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FROM THE EDITOR

Motes and Beams

■ A *New York Times* editorial remarks in passing that Pat Buchanan "described Los Angeles's angry blacks as 'the mob' " in his Convention speech.

There's only one thing wrong with that: Mr. Buchanan made no reference whatsoever to "blacks," angry or otherwise. The relevant passage in his speech ran as follows:

"[The soldiers] walked up a dark street, where the mob had looted and burned every building, but one, a convalescent home for the aged. The mob was heading in, to ransack and loot the apartments of the terrified old men and women. When the troops arrived . . . the mob threatened and cursed, but the mob retreated."

It's revealing to learn that when someone criticizes a mob of rioters and looters, the editors of the *New York Times* simply assume that that mob must be composed of blacks. I trust that no one will take this to be evidence of racism on their part.

■ But then the press and television depicted the entire Republican Convention as an orgy of "bigotry" and "gay bashing"—the only kind of orgy that these uptight zealots of the "Religious Right" would ever attend.

Of course, these words and phrases are liberal terms of art. They smuggle in a (generally hostile) opinion of the person or thing "described" under the guise of dispassionate reporting or "analysis" (itself a journalistic term of art for liberal opinion).

Whole volumes could be written on the use of the word "strident." But the classic version of ideological conjugation goes thus: "I am firm; thou art obstinate; he is pig-headed."

"Racism," as the *Times* demonstrates above, is the imputation by liberals that conservatives share their low opinion of other races. On the rare occasions when liberals recognize such feelings in themselves, they call it "soul-searching." On no account, however, mention that a pun is lurking here; that would be "racism" again.

"Gay bashing" used to mean what it says: namely, beating up people suspected of being homosexuals. It is a vile and vicious crime which rightly attracts severe penalties. One might imagine that liberals would not wish to dilute its seriousness by making it a metaphor for differences of opinion.

One would be wrong. The liberal media now employ it to describe arguments against equal social and moral status for homosexuality and heterosexuality, or criticism of homosexual acts as morally wrong.

But orthodox Christianity, both Catholic and Protestant, takes just such a stern view of homosexuality. That view may be right or wrong; the case has to be argued either way. But to characterize the main moral tradition of American society as akin to assault and battery without any argument at all is quite a leap—a metaphor too far, so to speak.

If the media cannot quite grasp this, perhaps it is because journalists have imbibed a set of liberal moral principles amounting almost to a rival religion—the First Church of God the Humanist—without realizing the fact. They are instinctively hostile to Christian doctrines while accustomed to regarding Christian churches as estimable institutions.

Hence the usefulness of the "Religious Right," a phrase which nicely blurs the religious and the political, throws in a hint of extremism, and so allows the media to dismiss mainline Christian opinions as a fringe expression of "bigotry."

Ah, "bigotry." As employed in reports from Houston, that is now a synonym for conservative opinion and so the opposite of "analysis" (see above).

But the *actual* meaning of bigotry—namely, hostility toward some group unsupported by, or contrary to, the evidence—is a perfect description of the media's attitude to Republicans.

Just a minor paradox that keeps me from despair on rainy days.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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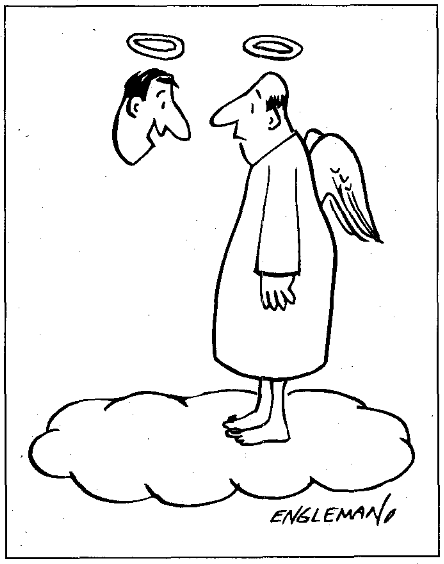
FOR THE RECORD

■ Moving right along, pollsters are already at work on 1996. **Frank I. Luntz** polled three hundred New Hampshirites in Houston and came up with **James Baker** as the favorite (30 per cent), followed by **Jack Kemp** (23) and **Pat Buchanan** (18). Vice President **Dan Quayle** scored a mere 5 per cent; other also-rans were Massachusetts Gov. **William Weld** (4), **Dick Cheney** (3), **Phil Gramm** (3). . . . Which is real, the bounce or the fallback? Next big popularity tests will be debates between **George Bush** and **Bill Clinton**. Commission on Presidential Debates has released schedule: Sept. 22 at Michigan State University; Oct. 4 at University of San Diego; Oct. 15 at University of Richmond. A **Gore–Quayle** debate has been set for Sept. 29 in Louisville. . . . Not included in press packet given out to reporters covering Clinton's announcement of candidacy: sentence from a speech he gave at Democratic dinner in Sioux City, Iowa, addressed to **George McGovern**, for whom Clinton worked in 1972: "History's borne you out, and I'm still proud to have worked for you." . . . **Ross** Who? popped up again plugging a quickie paperback detailing the economic plan he hadn't produced before his dramatic departure from race. In-and-out **Perot** campaign manager **Ed Rollins** predicted a Perot candidacy would be resurrected in October. . . . Asked on *Today* if he would run "again" if neither party offered a satisfactory program, he replied: "I wouldn't have a choice [if my volunteers wanted it]. I do belong to them, and it would be their decision, whatever they feel is appropriate." Read his lips? . . . Perot remains on ballot in more than half the states, and petition drive to put him on in New York has revved up again. But *New York Times* discovered that volunteers there aren't: they are people who answered *NYT* classified ad: "PART TIME PETITIONER. Work for political campaign, $10 per hr." . . . ABC/*Washington Post* poll finds hypothetical Perot support shrinking. Three days after he quit the race, 25 per cent polled said they would have voted for him; now only 17 per cent do.

■ Antagonism toward Congress is not just Republican rhetoric. At least 15 states are expected to have congressional term-limit initiative on ballot in November. California has a proposition limiting representatives to 6 years and senators to 12. Two California Democratic representatives, **Don Edwards** and **George E. Brown Jr.**, began serving on Jan. 3, 1963. . . . Michigan ballot will propose same limit. Powerful Michigan Rep. **John Dingell** (D.), chairman of Energy and Commerce Committee, was originally elected Dec. 13, 1955. . . . Wyoming, Florida, South Dakota, Nevada, Washington, Oregon, and Montana also have term limits on ballot; Arizona, Arkansas, Missouri, and Nebraska have propositions awaiting certification; Ohio and North Dakota are still collecting signatures. . . . **Mario Cuomo** issued magisterial rebuke to **Elizabeth Holtzman** and **Robert Abrams** for mentioning charges (first investigated, found plausible, during 1984 presidential campaign; recently revived by *Village Voice*) that **Geraldine Ferraro** had mob ties. Ferraro, Holtzman, and Abrams are contesting, along with **Al Sharpton**, for Democratic senatorial nomination to oppose GOP incumbent **Al D'Amato**. Cuomo expressed his "disappointment" at "the kind of thing I would have expected from the Republicans."



"I hold the organ donors record."

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■ According to Saudi daily *Al Charq Al Aousat*, Arab *mujahedin* are serving in Bosnia–Herzegovina in ranks of Muslim troops resisting Serbian attack. . . . *New York Times* quotes Bosnian Vice President **Ejup Ganic** as acknowledging he has sought weapons money in Middle East, saying: "Muslims in Bosnia are European Muslims. Our destiny is Europe. But if we have to choose between life and death, we will go to anyone to help us." . . . **Naya Yeltsin** acknowledges that in Russia women are still underdogs, but is fearful of a radical feminist movement. "We must have some sort of women's movement in Russia," she told Russo-American paper *We.* "But then a 'movement' means more conflict, and we are sick and tired of fighting." . . . According to inquiry conducted by Moscow Institute of Parliamentary Sociology, Russians today think they lived better under **Leonid Brezhnev** than under **Mikhail Gorbachev** or **Boris Yeltsin**. Next best period of twentieth century? Rule of **Nicholas II**, Czar of All the Russias. . . . Four hundred boxes of **Leon Trotsky**'s archives, including his handwritten biographies of **Lenin** and **Stalin**, have been given to Hoover Institution by American Socialist Workers Party after four years of negotiation. Trotsky was assassinated in Mexico in 1940 on Stalin's order. . . . *Los Angeles Times* quotes high-ranking Cuban defector, **Florintino Aspillaga Lombard**, as saying **Philip Agee**, former CIA agent who let out information blamed for leading to murder of Athens CIA station chief **Richard Welch**, was paid as much as $1 million by KGB.

■ In latest correctspeak manual, the *Bias-Free Word Finder: A Dictionary of Non-Discriminatory Language*, **Rosalie Maggio** expands the rules. "Hired killer" or "hired gun" should be used instead of sexist "hit man," and "low man on the totem pole" is not only sexist but ethnocentric. Suggested substitute: "someone with no seniority clout."

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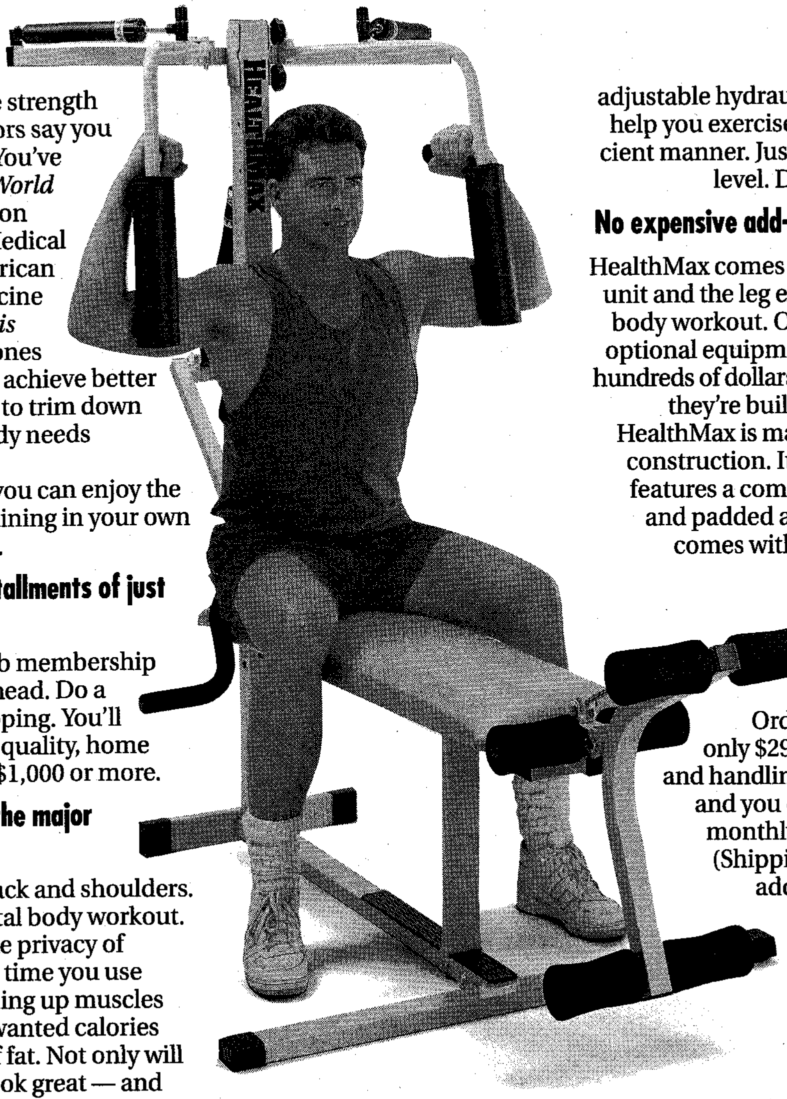

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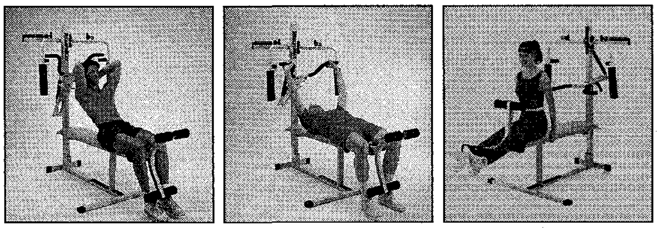

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

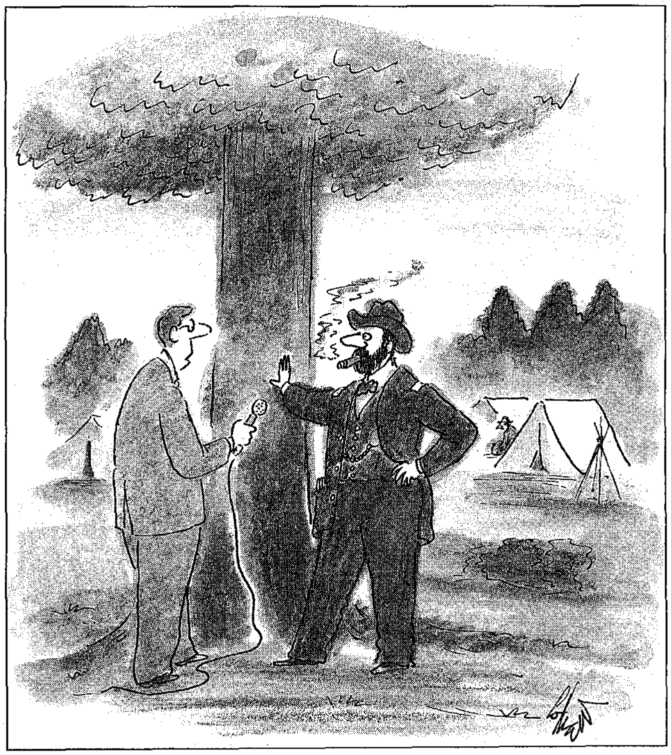
■ Replying to the Republican theme of "family values," Bill Clinton vows: "I'll wake up every morning worring about your kids." And if you're elected, Bill, so will we.

■ Much merriment was occasioned in the 1930s by the failure of the British press to mention the romance between the Prince of Wales and Wallis Simpson when the U.S. papers had headlines about the next King's "Cutie." It could, we were told, never happen here. As we go to press, however, the British press has had two days' worth of banner headlines and reports about tapes of an intimate conversation between a woman, who seems to be the Princess of Wales, and a young man called James, who seems to be at least a would-be paramour. The conversations are in their way quite moving, full of repressed emotion and tender sentiments in the style of Terence Rattigan, or Noel Coward's *Brief Encounter*. But they are undeniably sensational, with the putative Princess Diana describing marriage to Prince Charles as "torture" and the couple blowing kisses down the blower. Nary a peep about any of this, however, in the investigative U.S. media—although their self-control will surely break down in a day or two. Why this unaccustomed reticence? It cannot be that Princess Diana is a figure unworthy of media attention. She long ago overtook Elizabeth Taylor as the world's most photographed woman. Nor is the story without serious implications; last time, it caused an abdication. What then? Well, the story, which first surfaced in the *National Enquirer*, consists of a telephone conversation, taped without the knowledge of those concerned, which at least hints sexual indiscretion. Remind you of anything? Right. Having asserted the principle that taped conversations appearing in supermarket tabloids and involving sexual indiscretion could never interest a serious journalist, the media are now somewhat caught. The ghost of Gennifer Flowers is protecting the American reputation of Princess Diana. And you thought it was journalistic chivalry.

■ The story that George Bush had an affair with former aide Jennifer Fitzgerald—a story the Democrats first floated during the 1988 election—came back when Susan Trento's *The Power House*, a book on Washington lobbying, mentioned the liaison in a footnote based on an interview the author's husband had had with a retired ambassador, Louis Fields, who claimed to have knowledge of Bush's trysts. Fields, conveniently, is dead, and he would not speak on the record when he was alive. Now *Newsweek* reports that it has heard a tape of a second, "corroborating" interview with Fields. But, as quoted, Fields wavers, wobbles, says nothing definite, then concludes by calling it all "old-maid gossip" which he "can't confirm." Maybe Miss Fitzgerald should claim the affair herself and release tapes of intimate conversations with the President. Then the media would studiously ignore it.

■ The morning after Ronald Reagan and Pat Buchanan delivered stirring speeches to the Republican Convention, Bush–Quayle campaign spokesman Torie Clarke told the staff: "Well, now we've got that conservative c--- out of the way . . ." It's not clear what followed Miss Clarke's comment, but we're guessing it was something like: "we can finally get down to really blowing this election."

■ What's wrong with these numbers? The standard of living of the average Canadian (as measured by real GNP per capita) rose 34 per cent between 1973 and 1983; the distribution of income remained unchanged; the poverty rate, according to the Canadian Council on Social Development, increased from 23.3 per cent to 25.9 per cent. Economic unfairness? Not really. It is Canada's poverty statistics that are unfair, according to a recent study published by the Fraser Institute. The poverty-rate calculation counts



"Tell me, General Grant, do you think you can win in the South?"

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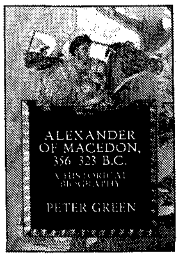
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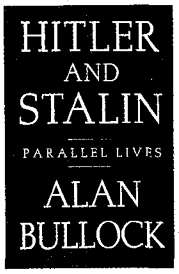
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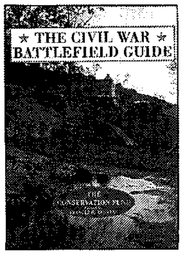
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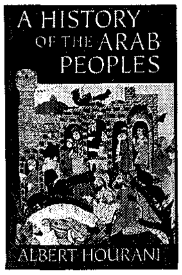
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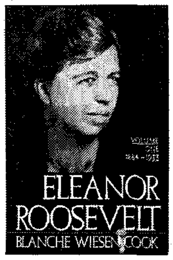
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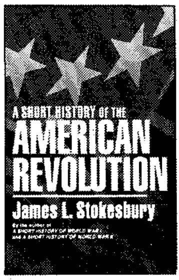
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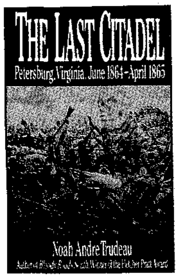
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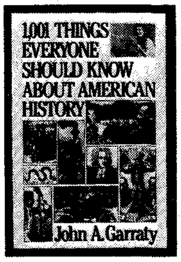
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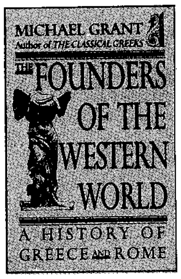
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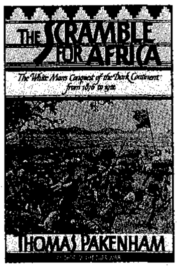
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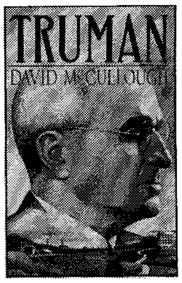
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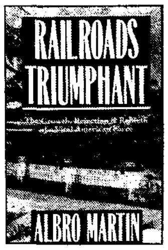
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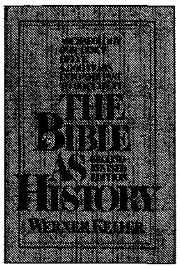
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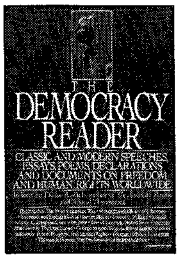
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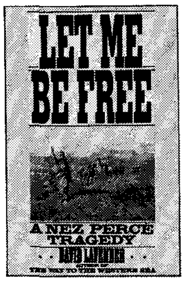
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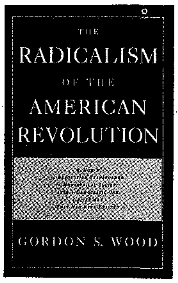
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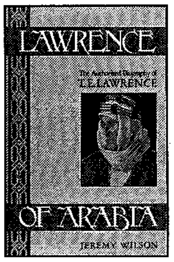
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anyone whose income is less than half the national average as "poor." Such "relative" poverty lines will obviously fail to pick up an across-the-board rise in living standards: the "poor" could conceivably double their income, and still fall further into poverty if, say, the average income of Canadians tripled. Author Christopher Sarlo found no more than one million Canadians are poor when measured against an absolute standard of need, versus an estimated 3.5 to 5 million Canadians who are "poor" based on the current flawed methodology. Intellectual sloppiness can explain only so much of this. Egregiously high poverty lines mean job security for the administrators, social workers, and academics in the poverty industry—Canada's, as well as our own.

■ To the horror of Global Warming Cassandras, this July was the third coolest on record. The chill might be due to the ashen cloud cover from the eruption of Mt. Pinatubo, but even so the Japanese aren't taking any chances. Their government has recently approved a research project to end a significant cause of global warming: cow burping. Apparently, each one of those innocuous-looking creatures expels forty gallons of greenhouse gases every day after chewing the cud. The implications for vegetarianism are plain, but the EPA has not commissioned a study.

■ The cold war is over, but some battles go on. Herbert Romerstein, a retired USIA anti-disinformation official, reported in the June 6 *Human Events* that "a retired high-ranking KGB officer with extensive knowledge about operations against the United States identified the late American journalist I. F. Stone as a paid KGB agent." Romerstein's source put Stone's name to an agent who had previously been more vaguely described by former KGB general Oleg Kalugin as "a well-known American journalist—with a good reputation." Stone, the premier leftist journalist of the postwar era, was indeed lionized by the major media on his death in 1989—Peter Jennings made him a "Person of the Week" and praised his determination "to write the truth, to defend the weak against the strong, to fight for justice." So this investigative journalism was distinctly unwelcome. When the *New York Post* ran another piece by Romerstein, the *New York Times* bemoaned "the search for Red spies" and dismissed Romerstein and Reed Irvine, who has also pursued the story, as "dupes of Moscow apparatchiks." As the *Post's* Eric Breindel points out, leftists and even some liberals will write off all evidence that comes from ex-Communists. But why are the major institutions of American journalism so determined not to pursue substantial allegations against this almost mythic figure? Are they perhaps afraid of what they might discover about Stone—and about themselves?

■ There will be three weeks, rather than the normal two, between this issue and the next one.

■ The clashing allegations in the Woody Allen–Mia Farrow split defy easy judgment. We incline to skepticism on allegations of child abuse that surface in the middle of custody proceedings. But the one undisputed fact is that Allen is having an affair with a girl whom he has known since her childhood and over whom he presumably execised a semi-parental authority at times. Allen denies impropriety on the grounds that he is not related to Soon-Yi Farrow Previn either by law or by blood. That will doubtless serve as a legal defense. But it also points up a defect in the "non-traditional family": it lacks the instinctual defenses of the family as generally experienced. Stepfathers and "live-in boyfriends" are many times more likely to have sexual encounters with their wards than biological fathers. The good old patriarchal family? Well, until someone comes up with anything better, yes.

■ We will sleep better nights knowing that somewhere out there is an "ombudsperson" to hear our complaints. The new *American Heritage Dictionary* assures us of this, and just in time. Tell us, O ombudsperson, where do we go to complain about lexicographic barbarism?

Ups and Downs

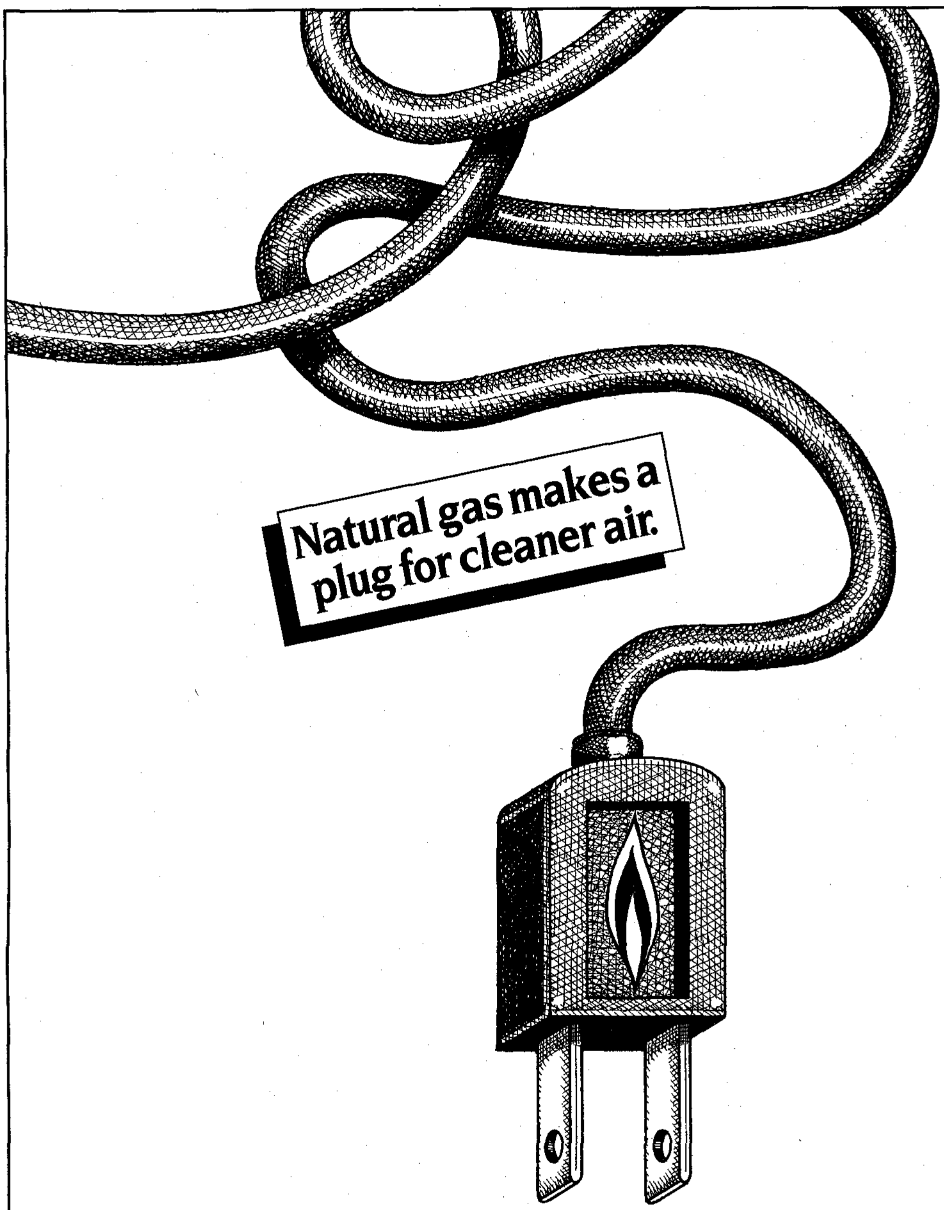
If it's to be the wilderness,
  I'll store my Gucci loafers,
Mothball the dinner jackets and
  Pink-slip the part-time chauffeurs,
For somewhere in a closet there's
  The gear I wore when Barry
Upended snotty liberals
  With cheerful thrust and parry.

W. H. VON DREELE

Memo to Jim Baker

WELCOME BACK to your role as First Friend. The task ahead of you—saving the President's hide—may not be as dangerous as bringing peace to Bosnia, but it's about as difficult. You know all about campaign nuts and bolts, and stroking the press. Herewith some advice where your chief most needs it: campaign themes.

Taxes. The only way to get out of this recession is to grow out of it, and we won't do that if the tax burden rises. The Democrats have promised to raise it,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on "the rich." Make sure the voters know who "the rich" are, and how soon *they* are likely to be counted among them. But the President can't be merely negative on this issue; he carries a lot of negatives himself, thanks to the budget deal. He must argue the case—yes, the intellectual supply-side case—for a policy of cutting marginal rates to stimulate the economy. And to show that he means what he says, push the capital-gains tax.

Health care. Both candidates have a health-care plan—if you need a refresher on yours, call Stuart Butler at Heritage—but the Democratic plan calls for payroll taxes. Bad for profit margins, bad for small businesses. What good is company health insurance if you don't have a job?

Clarence Thomas. A man of honor, savaged by an unholy alliance of civil-rights lobbyists and feminists. The President was right to appoint him, and brave to have stuck by him. Boast about it—this is an issue that divides black voters from both feminists and the civil-rights establishment. And as an encore, bring up Willie Horton for what he really is—namely, the symbol of liberal unwillingness to tackle crime if it happens to be black crime. Clinton will be expecting evasion and apologies on this. Remember Alan Keyes's line: "When I see Willie Horton, I see a criminal; when the Democrats see Willie Horton, they see a black." Hit Clinton hard enough on this, and he'll backpedal to last Wednesday.

Foreign policy. Quoting Clinton's pre–Desert Storm dithering at the Convention was a good idea, keep it up. But watch for Clinton to try outflanking the President on the right; he almost managed it on Bosnia. The solution: keep upping the ante against Saddam Hussein up to and beyond election day. More generally, sketch out the great foreign-policy complex of the 1990s, namely the dangerous interaction between the spread of nuclear weapons and the spread of protectionism. This is a twofer: the President is strong on military action to halt nuclear proliferation, and Clinton is weak on protectionism. It means, as you once said of Desert Storm, "jobs, jobs, jobs." The alternative to a car built in Mexico *and* the United States is a car built in Japan and Thailand, or a car so expensive it won't be bought.

Abortion. Remember, "choice" sounds nice, but it's riddled with hard cases: minors getting an abortion without parental consent; parents selecting a child's sex by aborting girls; the grim total of 1.7 million abortions a year. Is that what Bill Clinton really wants? Who knows—but it's what he's committed to. If he denies it, ask him if there is any abortion he would prohibit by law. Then ask him again. And again. The answers will get progressively shiftier.

Gay rights. The Republican Party is against subsidizing non-traditional lifestyles. Some school districts—New York City, for instance—are assigning textbooks like *Heather and Her Mommies* (parenting for lesbians). Mr. Bush doesn't want to outlaw such arrangements, but he doesn't want to hold them up as ideals in public schools. If Democrats want to call that "gay-bashing," encourage them to do so.

School choice. This will rope in Roman Catholics and evangelicals—the voters the media forget.

That should be enough to start with. Call us after the World Series, and let us know how it's going.

The Shooting Messengers

SOMETHING is different this year. The professional code of journalism, never very reliable, seems to have been abandoned. Many reporters have dropped even the pose of impartiality, and are treating the Democratic platform as if it were the common-sense opinion of Middle America.

Indeed, much of the media coverage of the Republican Convention was hard to distinguish from the Democrats' responses to it. Pat Buchanan and other speakers were characterized with such terms as "hate," "divisiveness," and "right-wing" by journalists who had consistently described the Democrats as "moderate" for supporting unrestricted abortion, gay rights, socialized medicine, and tax increases.

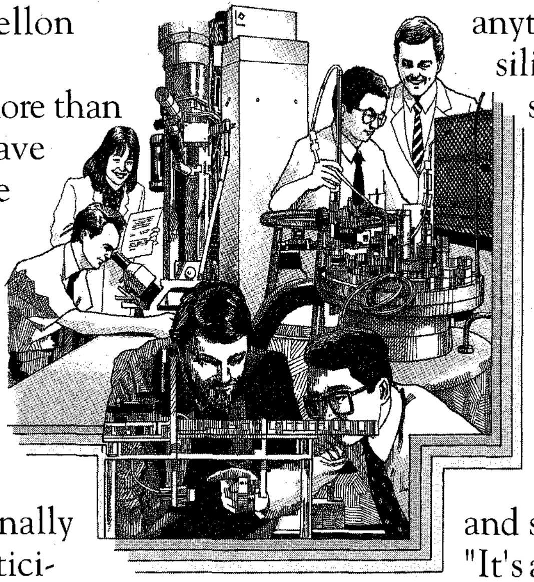
The Media Research Center noted, for example, that throughout both Conventions the media identified only Republicans in ideological terms ("far right," etc.). None of the networks labeled even Jesse Jackson "left-wing" or "hard left"—or accused him of "hate," "divisiveness," or "negative campaigning" when he likened Dan Quayle to King Herod. Similarly, Republican abortion dissidents got heavy (and sympathetic) coverage, but little attention was paid to Pennsylvania's pro-life Governor Bob Casey, who was not allowed to speak at Madison Square Garden. Republicans, but not Democrats, were pointedly asked by interviewers whether their party's uncompromising abortion position would be costly in November. When Buchanan quoted Hillary Clinton's comparison of marriage and the family to slavery, the press undertook the job of rebuttal itself, sparing the Democrats the effort.

As for her husband, the coverage is getting so fulsome that the pro-Clinton *New Republic* now runs a "Clinton Suck-Up Watch." *Newsweek*'s Jonathan Alter, a chief contender for the prize, blandly explains that Democrats are "culturally more at ease" with journalists than Republicans are. (The problem, it seems, is that Democrats are biased in favor of liberal journalists.)

This media warp is most striking on homosexuality. It has been decided, somewhere or another, that there is no room for an alternative view of the alternative lifestyle. Any dissent from the gay lobby's propaganda line is bigotry and homophobia. *New*

Where U.S. Researchers Find a Home Away From Home In Japan

Researchers are adventurers at heart. So it's no surprise that when Hitachi invited materials scientist Dr. Joseph O. Artman to spend six months this year working at its Central Research Laboratory (HCRL) in Tokyo, he eagerly accepted. "It gave me an opportunity to work in a new area, magneto-optics, and to see for myself how Japan works," recalls the Carnegie Mellon University professor.



Dr. Artman is one of more than 40 U.S. scientists who have worked in Japan over the last six years as participants in Hitachi's Research Visit Programs (HIVIPS). The programs aim to advance science through collaborative research and to enrich participants' lives personally and professionally. Participants work side-by-side with Hitachi scientists on basic problems in electronics and information systems.

For Dr. C.A. Cain, chairman of the University of Michigan's Bioengineering Program, HIVIPS proved a welcome sabbatical. "For the first time in years, I was able to pursue new ideas without interruption," he says. "In my time there, I basically defined my research directions for the next five years."

HIVIPS participants were struck by the effort to make them feel at home in Japan. "One of the nicest things about the program was the friends I made," says Dr. Cain. "We still do joint research and exchange visits," he adds.

HCRL's research facilities impressed the visitors. "I could do just about anything to a piece of silicon that I wanted to," says John Snyder, a Stanford University doctoral student in electrical engineering, who worked on a new kind of transistor. The visitors also appreciated the natural beauty of HCRL's campus,with its goldfish-stocked lake and sheltering woodlands. "It's an oasis of calm in Tokyo," says Dr. Cain.

Hitachi is proud to sponsor the HIVIPS program. We believe that it can make a significant contribution to science, to its participants' lives, and to a better understanding between the U.S. and Japan.

For more information, write: Hitachi, P.O. Box 7515, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

HITACHI

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York Times headline: "Gay Rights and AIDS Emerging as Divisive Issues in Campaign." *Washington Post* headline: "Voters Decry GOP 'Gay Bashing.'" (Subhead: "Rhetoric Seen as Desperate, Ugly—but Maybe Effective.") If the voters are decrying it, how can it be effective? *Time* magazine headline: "After Willie Horton—ARE GAYS NEXT?" (Subhead: "Behind the GOP's 'Family Values' rhetoric lurks a plan to brand the Democrats soft on homosexuality.")

It's getting awfully heavy-handed, and it may

RIGHT DATA

The Re-regulation President

ALTHOUGH the ninety-day moratorium has been extended indefinitely, expensive regulations continue unabated. In July, for example, a House committee passed a bill requiring that all cans, jars, bottles, and other containers used in the food industry be recyclable. The Resource Conservation and Recovery Act (RCRA) would cost consumers some $30 billion a year to rectify a problem that, even the EPA admits, "presents relatively low environmental risks."

Even without RCRA George Bush will, in four years, have undone the Reagan Administration's eight-year effort to reduce government regulations:

Regulations and Regulators

	Cost of Administering Federal Regulations (Billions of 1987$)	Regulatory Employees	Pages in the Federal Register
1970	$ 2.322	69,946	20,036
1980	8.780	121,708	87,012
1988	9.558	104,360	53,376
1992	11.276	124,994	67,716

After falling by 17,000 during the Reagan years, the number of federal employees devoted to issuing and enforcing regulations will hit an all-time high of 124,994 this year. Under Bush the cost of administering federal regulatory programs has risen 18 per cent, in constant dollars. An additional 14,000 pages of the *Federal Register* are required just to list the rules and regulations added since George Bush's inauguration.

More importantly, the total cost of federal regulations, including the indirect costs borne by business and consumers, is between $430 billion and $562 billion, according to the latest Federal Budget. By comparison, income-tax revenues in fiscal 1991 totaled $468 billion.

Part of the blame rests with particular individuals. EPA Administrator William Reilly, for example, expanded the scope of the "wetlands" designation within days of assuming his position. A Heritage Foundation study reports that land under water for as little as seven days a year, as well as land that is dry at the surface but moist 18 inches down, is subject to federal control, preventing many farmers from planting their own land.

Similarly, Bush appointees at the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission are pursuing far more activist agendas in areas such as civil rights and anti-trust than their Reagan-era counterparts.

Most new regulations were mandated by laws passed during the past few years. The 1990 Clean Air Act will eventually add $25 to $35 billion to the $100 billion that business already spends on pollution controls, according to Murray Weidenbaum. Another 1990 law, the Americans with Disabilities Act, requires businesses, landlords, and public transportation to make their premises accessible to disabled individuals. Robert Genetski, an economic consultant, estimates that the physical modifications required at office buildings and hospitals alone will cost $65 billion. Economic regulations, including international trade barriers, farm price supports, the remaining regulation of airline travel, and the (recently raised) minimum wage, cost as much as $256 billion each year, in the form of lower output due to the regulations, plus the redistribution of wealth from those harmed by regulations to those who are made richer because of them.

Most regulations either do not achieve the results claimed by their supporters, or have unintended (negative) consequences. Occupational Safety and Health Administration regulations, for example, have not lowered accident or illness rates in the workforce, according to most studies. The law requiring that all auto manufacturers meet a federal fuel-economy standard (27.5 mpg in 1991) has forced auto manufacturers to make lighter cars, thereby increasing automobile fatalities by 2,200 and 3,900 per year. When regulations do save lives, they do so at exorbitant cost: as much as $5.7 *trillion* per premature death for certain Consumer Product Safety regulations.

With pro-growth tax legislation held hostage to election-year politics, regulatory relief may be the economy's only hope. —ED RUBENSTEIN backfire. Voters don't like to be told whom to vote for, let alone that their views on morality and the right way to live are bigoted. The choices between the two parties are dismal enough, and the debate narrow enough, without the media trying to impose their smelly little orthodoxies on the discussion.

The media reflexively denounce any criticism of their work as "shooting the messenger." That would be more plausible in 1992 if only the messengers themselves weren't so trigger-happy.

Hillary: A Life

IS HILLARY CLINTON fair game for Republican attacks? Of course she is. Bill and Hillary have both thrust her into this campaign: "Buy one, get one free," he used to quip, back before the cookie-baking imbroglio, when the prudent decision was made to repackage her as Ma Clinton. Beyond that, she has a twenty-year record, dating back to the Watergate investigation, of political activism and advocacy. Garry Wills has praised her as a "radical" theorist of children's rights, and Daniel Wattenberg has retraced her affiliation with radical causes in *The American Spectator*. She is the very model of the Washington lawyer who doubles as activist and government consultant. It was appropriate, it was well-nigh inevitable, that she should appear at the recent American Bar Association convention to proclaim her faith in Anita Hill, icon of New Class professional feminist victimhood. But it was not the act of a Harriet Nelson.

Her now-famous comparison of marriage and family life to slavery was quite in character, and in keeping with the feminist party line. No muttering about its being taken "out of context" can neutralize it. Besides, its context makes it clear that she meant it just the way it sounds.

Mrs. Clinton has spent two decades cultivating a political identity, and she can't run away from it now. If it makes voters uneasy, it should: her kind of politics leads only one way—to more government intrusion and to higher taxes. She has never pretended to be a Jeffersonian.

Indeed, she deserves respect. Her career has a certain consistency and integrity. It has been guided by principle, however narrow and wrong-headed. In this she contrasts favorably with her husband, who has been running for President since his teens, and whose career has been a series of tactical mutations. It's not a little ironic that his political exigencies now require her to perform the unaccustomed hypocrisy of disguising what she is. In playing the dutiful wife, she is standing by her man.

And her Republican denigrators are only reminding the voters that she has had, after all, a life of her own.

Great for Halloween

Wearing suits John D. Senior affected
When the Standard Oil board stood corrected,
    Bill and Al masquerade
    As two moderates made
For the purpose of getting elected.

W. H. VON DREELE

Deutschmark über Alles?

A FEW YEARS AGO, before the lingering recession, a sharp fall in the dollar/mark exchange rate would have meant higher short-term interest rates in the United States. Not now. The Federal Reserve has apparently opted for an orderly fall in the dollar, on the assumption—the correct one, we think—that the problem lies with overly tight policy in Bonn rather than too much ease in Washington.

Domestic price stability—which most economists see as the only attainable goal of monetary policy—is right on track. Over the last 12 months consumer prices have risen 3.2 per cent, while producer price inflation has been held to a mere 1.7 per cent. For more than three years the price of gold has fluctuated in a narrow band between $340 and $350 per ounce, indicating that growth in the U.S. money supply has not deviated appreciably from growth in the demand for money.

Meanwhile the Bundesbank seems to have completely misjudged the German monetary situation. There are two major reasons why the German money supply is growing at nearly twice the 3.5 to 5.5 per cent target range set by the central bank. First, economic recovery in the East German economy is creating unexpectedly rapid increases in the demand for bank credit to finance new investment. At the same time, higher interest rates have lured German investors from stocks and bonds into low-risk bank deposits, creating an artificial pop in the official money measure. Neither of these are inflationary signals.

The rise in European interest rates following German unification has already visited economic stagnation on the UK and on the continent. Unfortunately, the Maastricht Treaty, if it is ratified, will condemn Europe to follow the Bundesbank's latest anti-growth policy. This is bad news for the U.S. also: the EC is our largest trading partner, absorbing more than 27.3 per cent of our exports (far more than Canada) and accounting for 21.5 per cent of our imports (more than Japan).

Margaret Thatcher recently characterized Maastricht as "a treaty too far," a treaty that isn't needed and isn't wanted. Events are proving her right.

Re-Engaging Saddam

SOME 18 months late, the Gulf War allies are moving to protect the people of southern Iraq from Saddam Hussein's air force. This is the first decisive step in our Iraq policy since the 1991 establishment of the Kurdish enclave in the north. It allows the people of that region, particularly Saddam's foes, to grab at least a breath of free air, directly and indirectly undermining his power; it recaptures the initiative for the first time since Mr. Bush called a ceasefire; and it places the initiative firmly in the hands of people who (unlike the UN inspection team) are willing and able to respond rapidly and forcefully to his counter-moves.

Critics, particularly in the Arab states, warn that the partial partitioning of Iraq could destabilize the region; in fact the region will not be truly stable while Saddam or his regime remains in power. The status quo is unstable. If left to itself it will re-stabi-

How to Stop Serbia

SERBIA's drive to grab most of Bosnia will not be thwarted by the Security Council resolution of August 16. Although the resolution permits "all necessary measures" to assure that relief supplies get through to besieged Sarajevo, it will not change the situation on the ground, where the nascent Bosnian state is being carved out of existence. Moreover, by creating an impression that a rescue of sorts is coming, the Western sponsors of the UN resolution evidently feel that they are temporarily off the hook. The wave of concentration-camp stories has abated and Mr. Milosevic suffered no consequences.

Since the Bosnian horror is above all about history, which is a vast challenge for those who want to create ethnically homogeneous despotisms, every lessening of Western determination helps the aggressor. Indeed, there is every indication that the European conference on the disposition of Yugoslavia, scheduled for August 26–28 in London, will try to appease the Serbs in hope that accommodation will end the fighting. The consequences of such a course of action would be disastrous for the whole Balkan region and wherever new polities have emerged from multinational Communist states.

This need not be so. But instead of pursuing limited military action, without the massive use of ground troops, opponents of intervention invoke the mythical power of Serbia. Lieutenant General Barry R. McCaffrey, a representative of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, recently testified to the Senate Armed Services Committee that 60,000 to 120,000 troops would be needed to protect the flow of humanitarian aid to Sarajevo. Since less than twenty miles of poorly defended Serb-held territory separate Sarajevo from the nearest territory held by the Bosnians' Croat allies, the do-nothing claim is hardly convincing. More important, Bosnians are not asking for Western troops. Their first plea is the lifting of the arms embargo. Serbs got two-thirds of Bosnia because their Moslem and Croat opponents were virtually disarmed. It is unconscionable that the Western governments make little distinction between the aggressor and his victims in the key area and perpetuate the imbalance between the combatants.

Serbia has considerable—though by no means inexhaustible—supplies of weapons, its booty from Tito's army. Most of ex-Yugoslavia's military industry, too, is located in Serbia. That is why the strategic bombing of Serbia's military installations, combined with the destruction of bridges on the Drina and Sava Rivers (at Raca, Zvornik, Bratunac, and Visegrad) that supply Serbian troops in Bosnia, should be the first military option. The sieges of Sarajevo, Gorazde, and Bihac should be relieved through targeted air raids of Serbian positions. Serbian TV stations and political quarters in occupied Banja Luka should also be targeted. Every effort should be made to cut the supply of Serbian-occupied northwestern Bosnia by ripping the thin Serbian-controlled corridor from Derventa to Podnovlje.

Procrastination has its amusing side. New canards are spread about Serbia's great prowess, the success of Communist partisans (all of them Serbs?) against the Germans, how Stalin was cowed by Tito (also a Serb?). All of this obscures the weakness of Serbia, a small regional power surrounded by enemies. The fear of Serbia is an ironic commentary on the self-satisfied mood of the West. Unless the trend is reversed, the damage will be long-lasting and paid in dividends.

—IVO BANAC

Mr. Banac is a professor of history and master of Pierson College at Yale University.

lize only when Saddam has rearmed, quite possibly with nukes, and established a regional hegemony. Others warn of a quagmire: escalation that leads to U.S. ground forces being pinned down amidst a hostile population. Such an outcome is certainly possible—even probable, if the Administration returned to its indecisive ways, groping at half-solutions.

More broadly, the move itself makes sense only as part of a far-reaching strategy. Saddam's options are limited: he can accept the loss of sovereignty or fight it. Our options are both broader and more favorable. We can launch air strikes against Saddam's ground forces in the area, establish local governments independent of his will, and coordinate action between those forces, the Kurds in the North, and opposition forces in central Iraq. Other steps would follow logically, the ultimate end being either partition or the elimination of the Baath regime.

In the months leading up to the Gulf War, President Bush executed a strategy of comparable boldness. It was strikingly successful. Mr. Bush should learn from his success.

Malefactors of Great Wealth

EVERYONE KNOWS about the $550 million Drexel Burnham's Michael Milken made back in 1987. But why are we not reminded that Milken was out-greeded that year by a Houston trial lawyer, Joe Jamail? He made somewhere between $450 and $600 million, mostly by talking a Texas jury into accepting the unprecedented proposition that unsigned contracts could be binding. His victim, Texaco, the country's third-largest oil company, was forced into bankruptcy.

Might it be because trial lawyers are overwhelmingly liberal Democrats? *Forbes* writer Leslie Spencer won a Loeb Award for her 1989 article listing lawyers, typically personal-injury lawyers, enriched by the interaction of the contingency-fee system with the consumer movement's campaign to erode tort liability limits. It has become a big business: contingency fees now amount to over $10 billion a year. Miss Spencer found more than sixty plaintiff attorneys making in excess of $2 million a year—and just one of them a self-proclaimed Republican. He was also a Teddy Kennedy fan.

In this year's August 31 *Forbes*, Miss Spencer surveyed the trial lawyers anew. She found overwhelming evidence of Clintonomania among them. Trial Lawyer Associations in the various states have been shaking down their members; trial lawyers occupy key Democratic fund-raising positions—for example, in Florida and in Arkansas itself—and some big earners are openly boasting about their role. Chicago's Philip Corboy (1991 earnings: $8 million) and Tom Demetrio ($6.5 million) got around the $1,000 personal-donation limit by raising $31,000 from their firm's 18 lawyers and spouses, and gave another $25,000 to the Democratic National Committee. The Federal Election Commission doesn't really enforce the rule requiring that donors' professions be reported. But a CNN-sponsored study by the National Library on Money & Politics found nearly 40 per cent of identifiable Clinton donations came from "lawyers," five times any other source.

Clinton recently told a National Association of Manufacturers meeting that he didn't "know what should be done yet" about tort reform. But Philip Corboy is confident that the Democratic nominee actually opposes it. "I looked him in the eye and asked him," he told Miss Spencer.

Liberal trial lawyers are a relatively new disease in America. The tort crisis—the creation of liberal judges—is only three decades old. But it's a burden on the economy that already amounts to hundreds of billions of dollars. Contributions to Clinton are designed to keep that burden there—and growing.

Mr. Bush Reads a Book

No, not the whole thing, but enough
To learn that Truman had the stuff
To hug the rail and overtake
Tom Dewey on that wedding cake;
So, blasting Congress once again,
Bush gives 'em hell like Harry when
The tube was young and Ozzie reigned
And all his kids were toilet-trained.

W. H. VON DREELE

NOTES & ASIDES

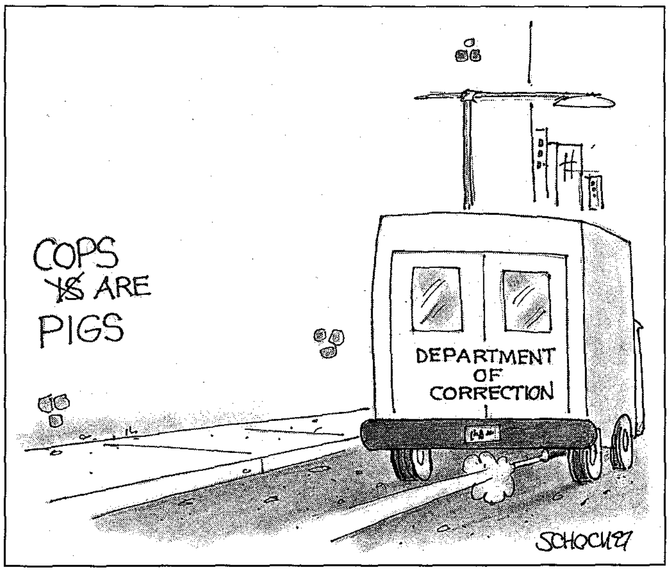
■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Colorless green ideas sleep furiously!

As a student of language, perhaps you will remember who authored this classic bit of nonsense. (I have forgotten, but suspect Noam Chomsky.) As I recall, it was composed to illustrate that languages conform to structural rules, quite independent of semantic content. The author speculated that no pair of words in this sentence had ever before been used in sequence in the history of the English language. Even so, we would all recognize the sentence as perfectly grammatical, if devoid of any decipherable meaning.

That was at least 25 years ago. Today, doesn't it strike you as an apt motto for the Rio conference?

Sincerely,
Brian F. Mannix
Gainesville, Va.



Dear Mr. Mannix: Re Rio, sure, sure. But how can it possibly be postulated that no two words appearing sequentially in this sentence have ever before been used in the same sequence? I can imagine lots of people complaining that a particular shade is a colorless green, or for that matter that we need not rancid but green ideas, or that in our listless age ideas sleep, or that after November the Democrats will sleep furiously at their lost chance. But thanks anyway. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am writing to expand on Professor Zuckerman's letter to you ["Notes & Asides," April 27].

Professor Zuckerman demonstrated the grave dangers of further increases in the world's population by using the powerful scientific method of "exponentiation." In the time of Malthus, it required training in mathematics to use this method, but today anyone equipped with a $12 hand calculator can perform what Professor Zuckerman quite correctly calls these "simple" calculations.

As a further example of the power of this method, I have calculated that based on the present fertility rate in Italy (1.2 live births per female), in 600 years (24 generations) there will be fewer than 1,000 people living in that country.

This method can be applied to many other fields. If the page in *NR* on which Professor Zuckerman's letter was printed were torn out and folded in half, it would clearly be twice as thick. If it were then folded in half again, it would be four times as thick as the original page. If this procedure were followed 52 times, the thickness obtained would exceed the distance from the Earth to the Sun. This simple calculation shows that "folding" can be dangerous. Can you imagine the effect on the Earth's climate?

Sincerely,
Kent Gordis
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Professor Zuckerman extrapolates population growth *forward* in support of his population control agendum. One of his assertions is that human beings have existed "for a few million years" in a world which is at least 3.5 billion years old.

"Old earth" estimates are always remarkable for their lack of reliance on population data and reasonable inferences (not wild guesses) from such data. Mr. Zuckerman might try some day to extrapolate *backward* from what we know about population data over the centuries. If he did that, he would find—assuming "we" began with just a single couple and assuming a worldwide flood about the time assigned to Noah by the Hebrew Scriptures—that the earth has been populated for about 10,000 years; not long enough, apparently, for any of the predictions of a Malthusian disaster to be fulfilled.

Yours truly,
Bruce R. Johnson
Cape Elizabeth, Me.

■ Dear Bill:

I am 14 years old, I am a subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW, I watch your show every week, and I have a rather large collection of some of your books that you have written. Plus I am trying to convince the people who live with me to cancel cable so that we can get the Town Hall. We don't really need cable, our cable doesn't even have C-SPAN.

At my young age I am a very strong believer (orthodox) in conservatism. That is perhaps why I am so angered at George Bush and all his tergiversations. I think the only message he got was that he needs to say that he got the message in order to get votes. But, although I supported Pat Buchanan in the primaries, I will very vigorously support George Bush now that he has the nomination.

As you know, over the years conservatism has changed dramatically and our values have been lost; along with those losses came new ideas. I for one am not one that gives up his beliefs, I always stick to my convictions and never lose them. So I therefore request that you write me down in your will to be the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW so that I can carry out the values that conservatives have now throughout the twenty-first century. I assure you NATIONAL REVIEW will be kept in good hands.

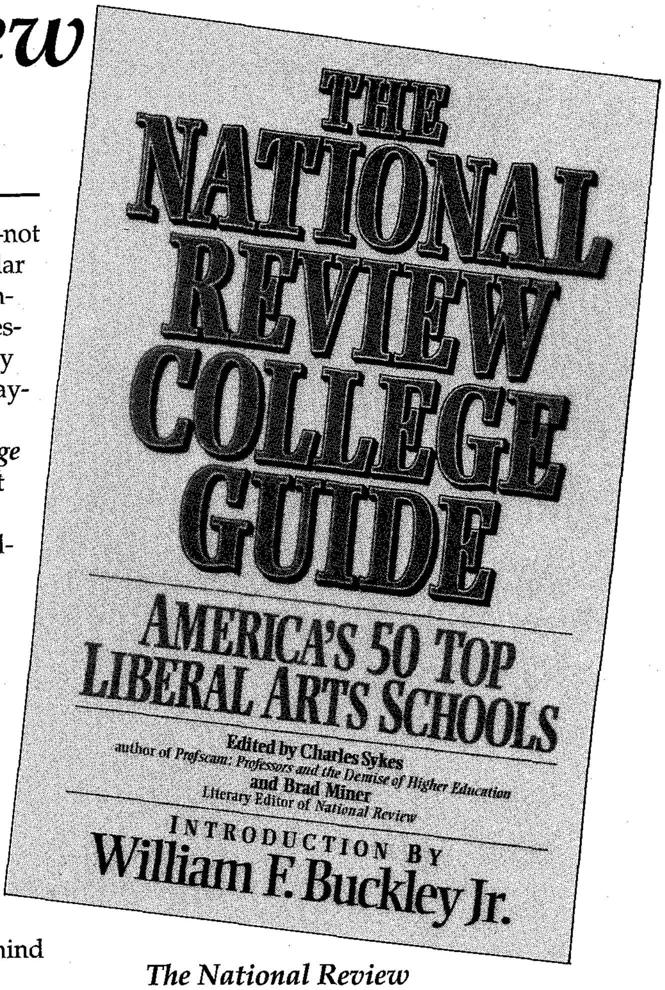
Warmest regards,
Jay Stephenson
Duluth, Minn.

Dear Jay: When you are thirty, John O'Sullivan will be the same age I reached when I retired as editor. I shall ask him to inspect most thoroughly your credentials in the year 2008, just to make absolutely sure there have been no tergiversations. Cordially,

—WFB

Panned by *The Nation* (So It Must Be Good!)

The National Review College Guide


THE NATIONAL REVIEW COLLEGE GUIDE

AMERICA'S 50 TOP LIBERAL ARTS SCHOOLS

Edited by Charles Sykes
author of *Profscam: Professors and the Demise of Higher Education*
and Brad Miner
Literary Editor of *National Review*

INTRODUCTION BY
William F. Buckley Jr.

The *National Review College Guide* features a special introduction by William F. Buckley Jr. on how to choose a college and the purpose of higher education.

When the flagship of the Far Left levels a broadside, you know you've done something right. So imagine our joy when we spied *The Nation*'s slam book review of *The National Review College Guide*, our best-selling guide to America's "Top 50" liberal-arts colleges.

Hey, we understand *The Nation*'s angst: it's the Palace Guard of the "higher education" status quo—the lack of course-distribution requirements and core curriculums, dwindling academic standards, and rampant classroom cynicism about Western culture and American values. Uncovering 50 colleges which *aren't* like that—which is exactly what *The National Review College Guide* does—is a depressing event.

The *NR* "Top 50"...

are the colleges where your son, daughter, niece, nephew, or grandchild will receive a broad education in the humanities and sciences—not a narrow training in one particular field . . . and certainly not a brainwashing by far-out, far-left professors intent on destroying the very Western traditions parents are paying them to teach.

In *The National Review College Guide* we describe in detail what makes each of these recommended colleges special—including the core curriculum, the faculty and administration, the student body, the location, and, in many instances, foreign-study programs. Each of these institutions is unique—with its own sense of purpose and identity.

You can't rely on the the usual college guides to help you identify these schools. But you can rely on *National Review*, which stands behind every one of the thoroughly researched recommendations in our book. Is it any surprise then that *The National Review College Guide* is #3 on the *Library Journal*'s "College Guides Best Sellers" list? Order your copy today of this handsome book—for yourself or that special student (it makes a great gift for your local library or school!). *The National Review College Guide* is one of the most important purchases you will ever make.

At the very least, you'll have the solace of knowing you've irked *The Nation*.

The Nation Rants
(and Raves):

"Seven of *National Review*'s favorite fifty have dress codes; five have mandatory chapel requirements." (For shame!) "Most of the recommended schools don't openly proclaim an adherence to right-wing ideology; instead they declare their 'emphasis on traditional values.' " (Heresy! Heresy!) " [A] 'safe' conservative school is defined as one that requires first-year students to take a course on traditional Western values. The editors believe that required first-year courses are the most important part of a young person's college years." (*Call* the police!)

Give Extra Copies! The Guide makes a great gift for your local library or school. Help us spread the good word about these excellent colleges!

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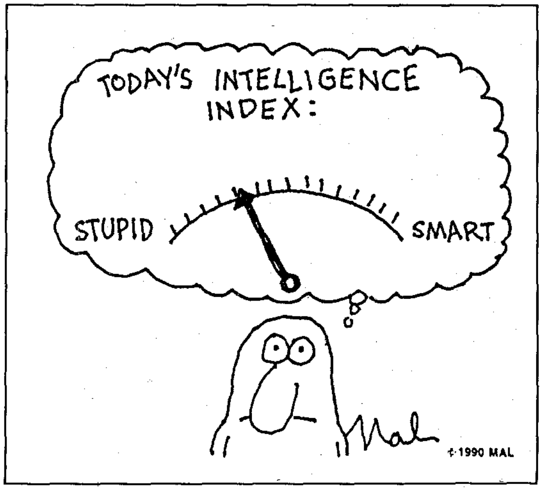
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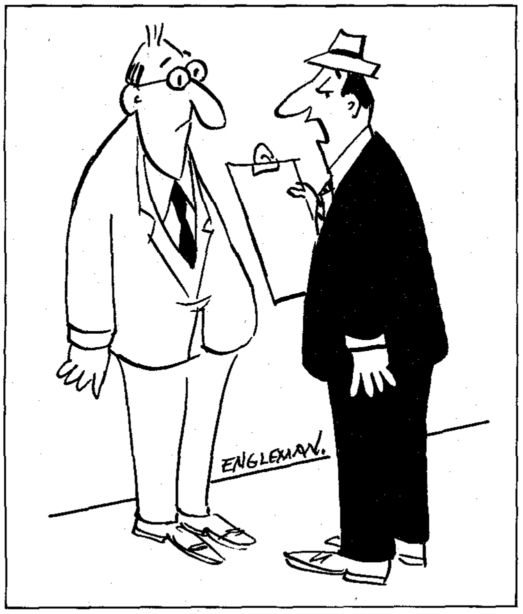
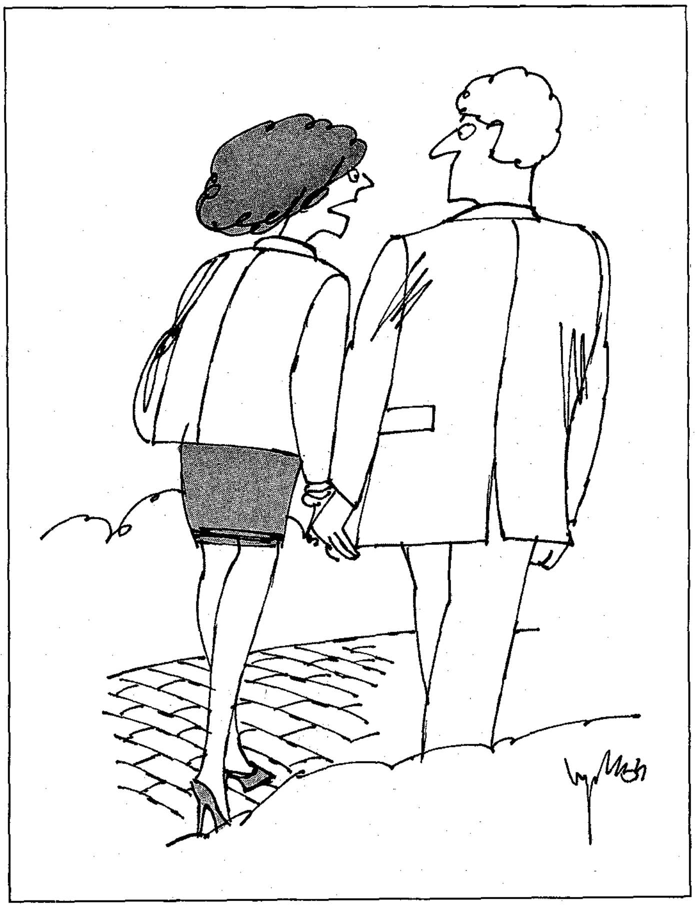


"I'd be kind of worried if I were you, Congressman—the voters in your district have ordered a load of tar and feathers."

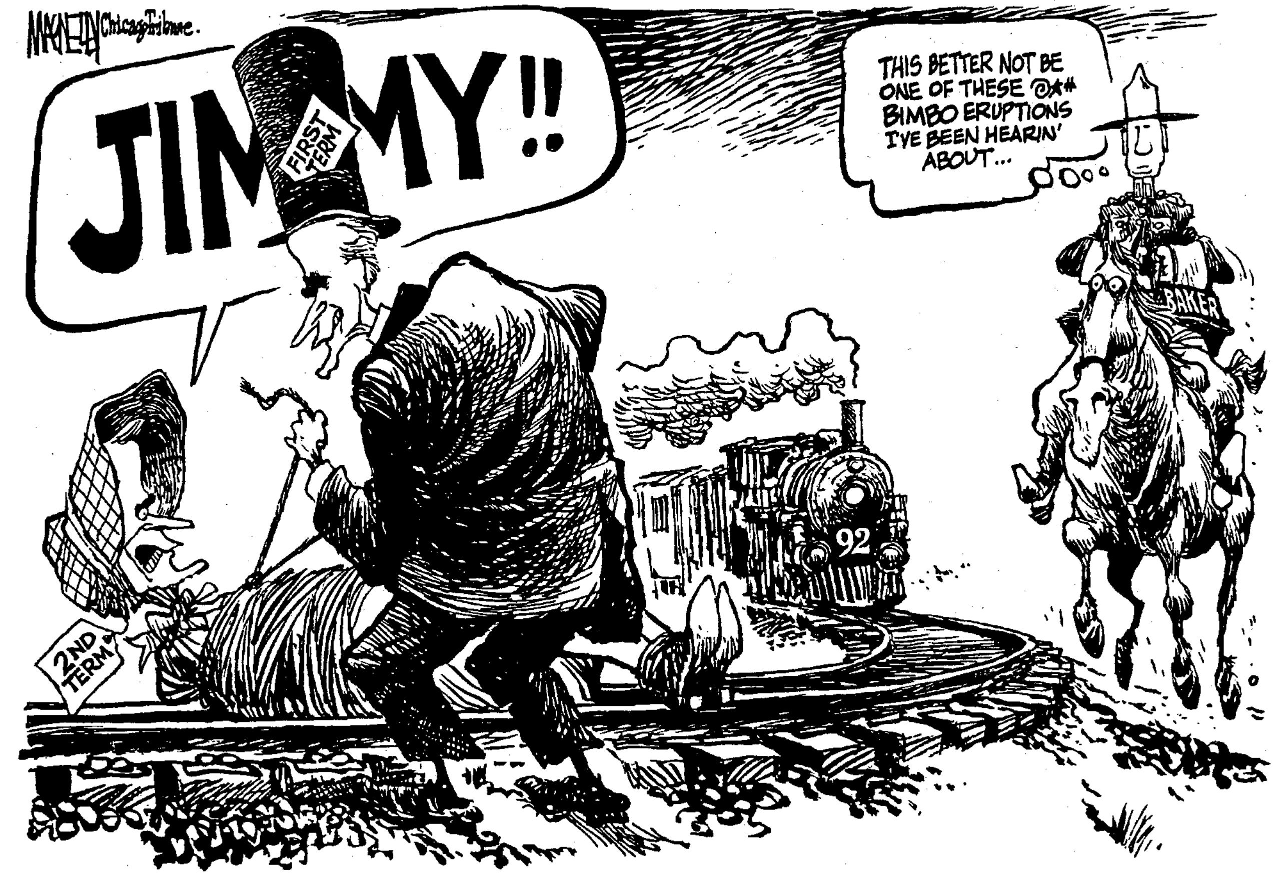
Glorobots

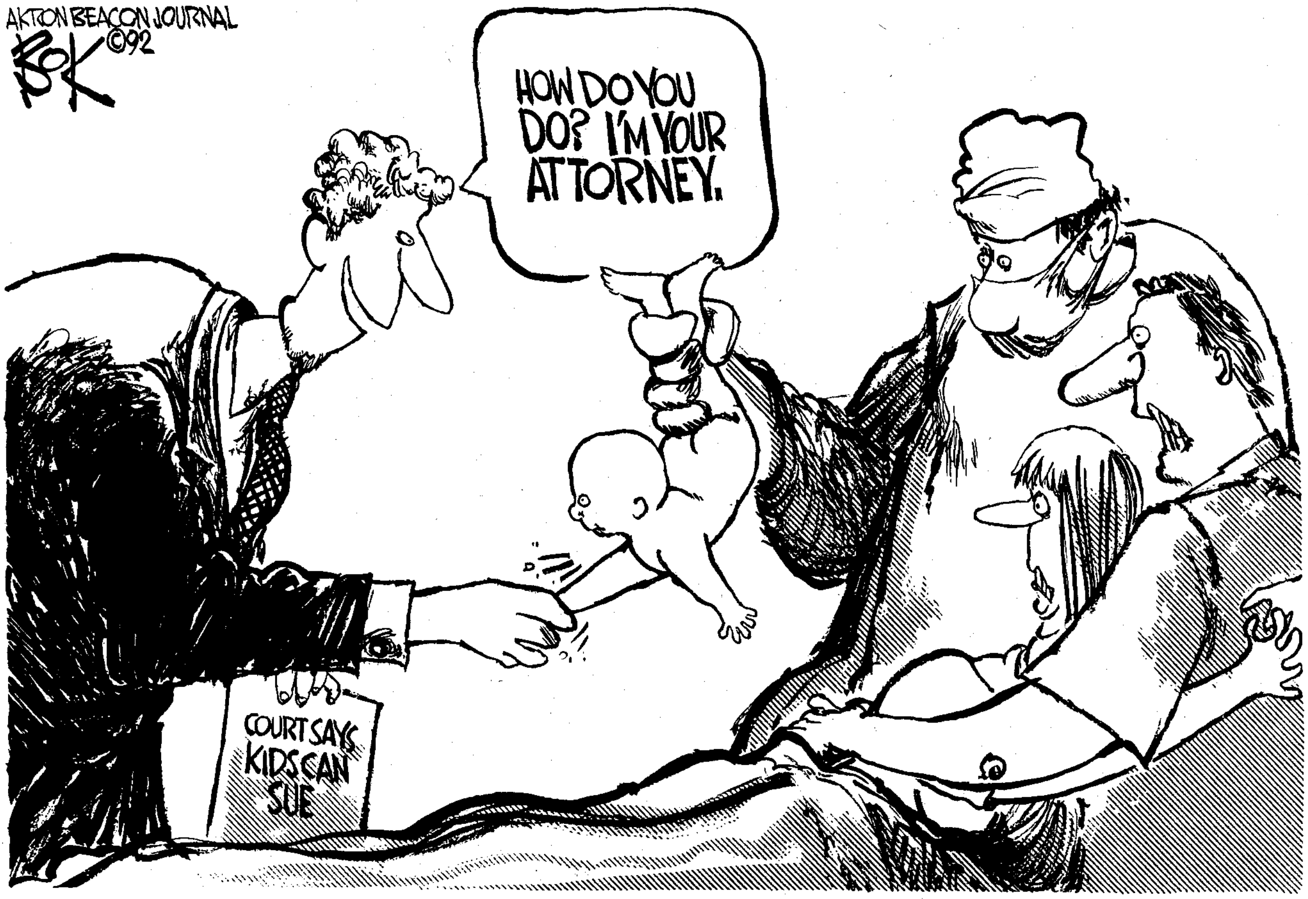
An elegant robot named Divets
Who was one of society's pivots,
    Expired with elan
    One summer at Cannes
Of saline and sand in his rivets.

GLORIA A. MAXSON



"I told my parents you were a botanist. They said if I liked you, your religion didn't matter."

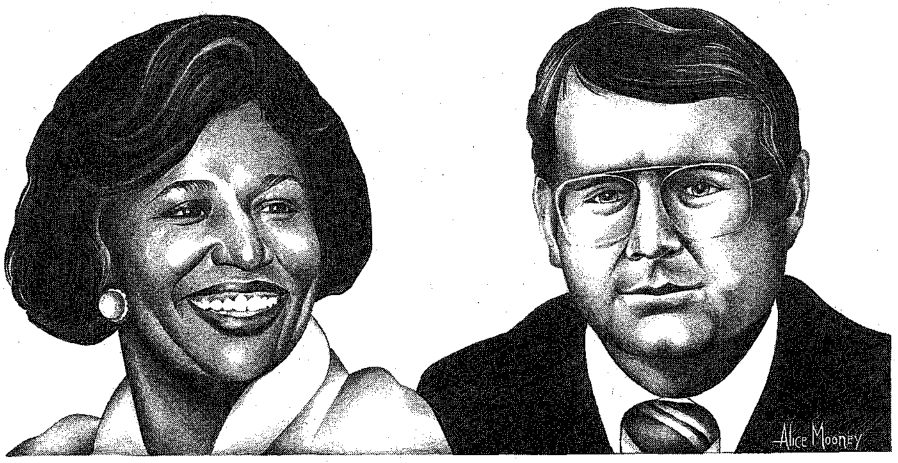

MacNELLY Chicago Tribune.
JIMMY!!
FIRST TERM
2ND TERM
92
THIS BETTER NOT BE ONE OF THESE @*# BIMBO ERUPTIONS I'VE BEEN HEARIN' ABOUT...
BAKER


AKRON BEACON JOURNAL
BOK ©92
HOW DO YOU DO? I'M YOUR ATTORNEY.
COURT SAYS KIDS CAN SUE

ON THE SCENE

Woman of the Year?

JOHN R. COYNE JR.



Alice Mooney

CHICAGO

THANK GOD for the Year of the Woman. Otherwise, there'd be almost nothing to make a Year of the out of. Here in Chicago, it certainly won't be the Year of the Cubs or the White Sox, who are waging their annual battle for second place. Nor, in much of Illinois, will it be the Year of the Tomato; as elsewhere in the Midwest, tomatoes hang huge but green on the vines, apparently unable to summon the shame to redden.

Some blame Al Gore's New Pantheism, which encourages permissiveness and immodesty throughout Gaia's creation. Others fear it's a collapse of the Year of Rio, when equatorial rain forests were to have begun the long march toward Winnipeg. A great sense of unease is stirring among the Global Warmers during this summer of record cold. Perhaps they are actually caught in an interglacial period, waiting to be ground into intellectual goo by rivers of dirty ice.

Nevertheless, although Chicago baseball, tomatoes, and global warming are out this summer, it is still the Year of the Woman. And in Illinois, the Woman of the Year is Carol Moseley Braun, catapulted by a flukeish three-man (whoops, three-person) primary from a Great Gildersleevish sort of job in Cook County government (Recorder of Deeds) to the threshold of the U.S. Senate. If she makes it through the door—and for the moment she's running ahead about 3 to 1 in the polls—she'll be the first black Democratic senator and the first black woman senator ever.

Whoever is in charge of central casting for The Year of productions—the Democratic National Committee, Norman Lear, Gaia herself—couldn't have invented a more correct central character. She's 44, a product of Chicago's "reform" movement, the daughter of a policeman and a medical technician who began life in a middle-class neighborhood, and in her teens, when her parents divorced, went to live with her grandmother in a black Chicago neighborhood called "Bucket of Blood."

"I had a chance to be part of the black experience on a lot of different levels," she says, and it was this experience that she says led her to choose a career in government and politics. That career began in Chicago as an assistant U.S. attorney under Jim Thompson and his assistant, Sam Skinner. She won her first election as a state representative in 1978, and in 1983 became legislative floor leader in Springfield for Harold Washington, Chicago's first black mayor.

After personal problems which included family deaths and a divorce, Mrs. Braun was elected in 1988 as Cook County Recorder of Deeds. The job doesn't sound like much, and it isn't. But she made political history by becoming the first black of either sex to win executive office in Cook County government. And in the process, she also established the base from which to launch her campaign for the senatorial nomination—a campaign she undertook, she says, because she could not stomach Alan Dixon's support of Clarence Thomas and the Senate's treatment of Anita Hill.

Her victory, to put it mildly, was improbable. But so is celebrity, and she was the right person for the right part at precisely the right time.

Yesterday she was a charter member of an organization called Illinois Women for Government—or, as the group calls itself, "Babes in Government." Today Barbra Streisand and Goldie Hawn raise funds for her. At an outdoor concert at Ravinia, where music lovers go to sit on the grass and recycle white wine to the mosquitoes, Peter, Paul, and Mary interrupted their concert to introduce her to the crowd. She drew more applause than Puff, the Magic Dragon.

Her record as a legislator in Springfield was consistently liberal, soft on crime but bullish on taxing and spending. However, she did win the respect of the Illinois political establishment. It is perhaps indicative that her deputy campaign manager, Jill Zwick, is also a *Republican* nominee for a Kane County Board seat.

Personally, as a divorced mother who has raised a 14-year-old son in what appears to be exemplary fashion, and a woman whom the *New York Times*'s Isabel Wilkerson describes as "a den mother with a cheerleader's smile," her appeal is strong and basic. Nor is it just cupcakes and spice. According to one visitor to her Chicago office, there is a sign hanging in her restroom that reads, "I'm 51 per cent sweetheart, 49 per cent bitch. Don't push it." We'll see.

Then there's her opponent, Rich Williamson, a corporate lawyer who

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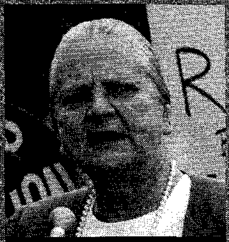
Mr. Coyne, a former White House speechwriter, works for a major corporation in Chicago.

Anita Hill


Molly Yard

Spike Lee

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held a number of staff jobs in Washington, among them heading President Reagan's office of intergovernmental relations and later serving as Assistant Secretary of State for International Organizations. Williamson has also held office in the American Conservative Union, and in 1980 attempted to impose order on Phil Crane's presidential campaign.

Williamson wouldn't be central casting's first choice for heavy. For one thing, he's too comfortable. At 43, father of three handsome children and husband of a striking and intelligent woman who serves on the Illinois Board of Higher Education, Williamson is a former football player working on a milk-and-cookies suburban sort of portliness.

For another, he speaks with a brow-wrinkling, low-keyed kind of earnestness in a nasal voice with just a hint of a twang. Moreover, he does this in an on-the-one-hand, on-the-other amateur-speaker fashion that often undercuts his thunderbolts ("She favors the decriminalization of marijuana!", for instance, or "She's a career politician!"). And to top it all off, he sometimes punctuates his remarks with a startling high-pitched giggle.

It's hard indeed to cast a man like this as a villain. And, to be fair, Williamson accepted the Republican nomination when no one else would take it, and he thought he would be running against an incumbent, not a Happening. But to a great extent this is irrelevant. What Williamson needs are perceived positions on important issues. As he sees it, those positions must loosen his opponent's grip on the women's vote. And there's certainly a case to be made here.

It begins with the national ticket. In 1988, George Bush took Illinois by only a percentage point. Thus, if Williamson is to squeak out a win, or if he is to help the President do so, he has to find a way to shave a couple of percentage points off the Democratic total. And that is where the women's vote comes in.

The theory here is that many Republican women, especially in the suburbs, crossed over to vote for Carol Moseley Braun in the primary. All available figures confirm the crossover. So the Williamson campaign has apparently decided to structure itself according to the official requirements for Year of the Woman political contests. Hence the peculiar behavior on the abortion issue.

Last August, Williamson signed a pledge drawn up by Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum declaring total support for the anti-abortion plank in the Republican platform. But then a few months later he began to hedge, at one point declaring, "I kind of like being called multiple-choice on abortion." Finally, in Houston, he went all the way, becoming single-choice by endorsing and being endorsed by the ebullient Ann Stone.

"By Rich and I [*sic*] standing here today," said Mrs. Stone, "we once again destroy the myth that Phyllis Schlafly and crew try to put out that this is a liberal–conservative battle."

Mrs. Schlafly's comment was much more succinct: "Turncoat."

Representative Henry Hyde, who should be running for the Senate—or for that matter for President—was gentler. "I'm disappointed," he said, "but I want him to win." Mr. Hyde also added this: "Believe in something and stand for it. You can't stand on two stools because they will separate and you'll get a political hernia."

On the abortion issue, the political and ideological stools have separated. But it's still a long way to November, and it remains to be seen whether the severity of the herniation is worth the calculated tradeoff.

Many things could happen between now and then. Carol Moseley Braun is less a candidate than a political event. And events can end abruptly. She speaks well and interestingly, but seldom on what are generally viewed as substantive issues. If Williamson is able to force her into more than two perfunctory debates (and if he hires a voice coach), he just might be able to take her on the issues, and in the process more clearly define himself.

In the meantime, Carol Moseley Braun is on a roll, and it's a tall order indeed to derail the leading contender for Woman of the Year in the Year of the Woman—especially when you let your opponent set the rules. ☐

China: The South Rising

ROBERT ELEGANT

GUANGZHOU (CANTON)

TRAVELERS emerging from the dilapidated "soft class" train at Guangzhou are set upon by throngs of teenage volunteer porters and led through corridors awash with sweating humanity. A ramshackle fleet of yellow taxis and black minivans awaits the hordes discharged each day into the metropolis of South China from North China, the Yangtze Valley, and Hong Kong.

The vast plaza is crampacked with men in patched clothing. Every year several million destitute countryfolk pour in from other parts of China. All are looking for work.

Jobs are scarce elsewhere, but Guangdong, the southeasternmost province, sucks in job-seekers to supplement the labor power of its own 65 million inhabitants. Guangdong's is the fastest-growing economy on earth. Last year, the gross domestic product rose by 20 per cent. Industrial production increased by 50 per cent—as it has every year for the past decade.

The change is not only quantitative. The government-run Dong Fang (Great Eastern) Hotel was abysmal nine years ago and grim five years ago, when I made my last visit. It is now excellent. The rooms are not only clean, as they definitely were *not* in the past, but extremely comfortable.

Service is prompt, intelligent, and—extraordinary contrast with the old, dour Maoist China—smiling. No longer do charwomen in filthy tunics swish grimy mops around the feet of diners who stay after 7 P.M. No longer are diners driven to expostulate, as I did once to the horror of the heirs of the world's oldest living civilization: "Nowhere in the civilized world do people behave like this!" You can stay as late as you want, and the food is superb.

That may sound like a plug or a statement of the obvious in a nation with the world's most diverse and most delicious cuisine, the claims of France notwithstanding. It is neither.

Quite simply, forty years of Communist rule had almost destroyed the cu-

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Mr. Elegant, a novelist and journalist, is the author of Pacific Destiny.

The

Drug Policy Foundation

Salutes the

1992 Winners of the Annual Awards for Achievement in Drug Policy Reform

Outstanding Achievement:

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His pioneering work in drug policy reform earns Stroup the Richard J. Dennis Drugpeace Award for Outstanding Achievement in the Field of Drug Policy Reform, and its $25,000 prize. Stroup led efforts to decriminalize marijuana in 11 states and helped secure the release of hundreds of petty marijuana offenders, many of whom faced decades in prison.

Enforcement and Control:

Joseph McNamara

A lifelong police officer and former police chief of San Jose, California, McNamara has seen firsthand the danger and futility of drug enforcement, and has spoken out in favor of new approaches like decriminalization. Chief McNamara receives the H.B. Spear Award for Achievement in the Field of Law Enforcement and Control and its $10,000 prize.

Scholarship and Writing:

Ethan Nadelmann

This Princeton professor of politics is one of the most influential critics of American drug policy. Because he has added important scholarly insights to the case for legalization of drugs, he receives the Alfred R. Lindesmith Award for Achievement in the Field of Scholarship and Writing and its $10,000 prize.

Treatment:

Alex Wodak

Dr. Wodak, a treatment expert in Sydney, helped move Australia towards a compassionate approach to drugs and addiction, including the provision of clean needles to addicts to prevent the spread of AIDS. He receives the Norman E. Zinberg Award for Achievement in the Field of Medicine and Treatment and its $10,000 prize.

Law:

Tony Serra and Michael Michaelson

These two principled lawyers have shown a commitment to reducing the harm caused to individuals by some drug laws. They share the Justice Gerald LeDain Award for Achievement in the Field of Law and its $10,000 prize for their *pro bono* handling of needle exchange and medical marijuana cases.

Citizen Action:

Richard Bradbury

Bradbury's Community Improvement, Inc. helps kids harmed by the cultlike drug treatment program Straight, Inc. and other harsh programs, and documents abuses for regulators and the media. Bradbury receives the Robert C. Randall Award for Achievement in the Field of Citizen Action, and its $10,000 prize.

The Drug Policy Foundation is a non-profit educational organization dedicated to discussion of peaceful alternatives to the war on drugs. The annual drug policy reform awards, funded entirely by an earmarked grant from the Chicago Resource Center, will be presented at the Sixth International Conference on Drug Policy Reform in Washington, D.C., November 11-14.

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linary art. But, today, visitors and locals who can afford the prices enjoy sophisticated dishes from a dozen provinces in the Great Eastern's eight restaurants.

In those air-conditioned eyries they do not hear the din as the three-story swimming-pool complex comes down for rebuilding. Elsewhere, swinging iron balls and staccato jackhammers would demolish a reinforced-concrete structure. Here, demolition is entirely at the hands of scrawny men swinging sledgehammers with flexible handles.

In the time of Chairman Mao, politics was in command. Today economics is in command—and human beings are cheaper than machines. Those toilers will receive, at most, 70 RMB (People's Dollars), roughly U.S.$11, for a 12- to 14-hour workday; as little as 30 RMB if they are casual workers, or even 10 RMB if they are contract labor. The contractor takes a lion's cut, as he did in the bad old capitalist days. There are plenty more where this gang of laborers came from—and they know it.

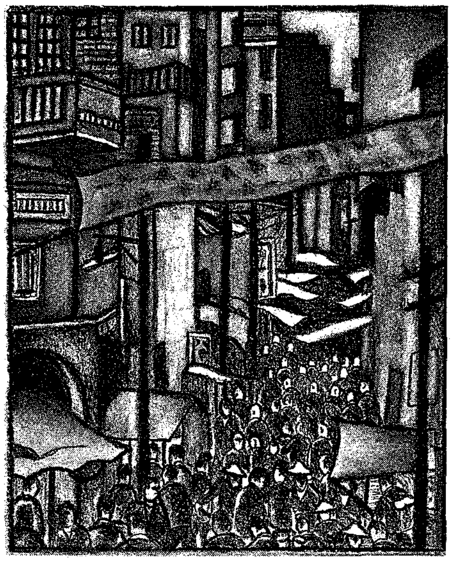
ON THE NIGHT of June 3, the eve of the third anniversary of Tiananmen Square, the streets of Guangzhou were thick with policemen. But they were very southern cops. With stained cotton uniforms baggy on their spare frames, they lounged on benches and chairs. There was no apparent need of their presence to deter demonstrators. Pedestrians on the busy, half-lit streets were purposeful, but not tense.

The Cantonese have not forgotten the atrocity. But they are not foolhardy. They will not take on a security apparatus that is almost as powerful as ever under the control of a Communist bureaucracy that is as fierce as ever in asserting its monopoly on political power. Besides, the Cantonese are too busy to get into battles they cannot win. They are busy obeying "paramount leader" Deng Xiaoping's injunction to "get rich." They are just as busy enjoying themselves.

Li Gardens occupy most of the city block across the street from the Great Eastern Hotel. Two identical midgets wearing white shirts and black bowties welcome patrons at the gates. The door of the chrome-shiny, neon-lit seafood restaurant inside the compound is opened by a Sikh in full regalia: white turban, blue tunic, jodhpurs, and imposing beard. Shades of wicked prewar Shanghai, where Sikh policemen and guards abounded!

A sign in the window gives the price of enjoying the songstresses of "KTV." The letters, incongruous amid the Chinese characters, stand for Karaoke Television—and invite singing along to a video. An antenna aimed at Hong Kong transmissions crowns a trelliswork tower. Twenty-eight tanks display live fish and crustaceans for diners' choice.

Guangzhou bears the stigmata of protracted Communist rule: dingy, gritty greyness marked largely by broken window panes and cracked pavements. Most incongruous is the boxy shape glimpsed in a copse of saplings in the Gardens: a gleaming black Rolls-Royce, the largest made; the Winged Victory atop the radiator gold, rather than chrome; the license plate Guangdong 1212.


Alan Bessen

"That?" says a midget. "Oh, that belongs to the Boss, the Owner."

This is Communism? Well, not quite. This is Deng Xiaoping's new economic policy, which attracts the Hong Kong capital that fuels the boom. That policy is epitomized by a city called Shenzhen, roughly halfway between Hong Kong and Guangzhou. Deng Xiaoping used the example of that New Economic Zone to launch his latest campaign to quicken the pace of economic reform. That campaign, which in essence seeks to transfer responsibility—and profits—to the actual management, government or private, is now going very well indeed. Yet the need for the 87-year-old Deng to repeatedly relaunch the campaign demonstrates the extent of opposition by diehard Maoists, as well as the immense practical difficulties it faces.

Nonetheless, many-towered Shenzhen, its factories and high-rise apartment blocks shining gaudy in the subtropical sun, was, only twenty years ago, a stretch of emerald paddyfields plowed by wet-flanked water buffalo. Today it is a city of more than two million with a per-capita income of more than $1,000—against China's overall per-capita income of about $350.

Shenzhen is, however, not just an economic giant in wonderland. It suffers from virulent social ulcers, crimes ranging from juvenile destructiveness through commercial fraud to armed robbery and killing. Only the dollar is respected in Shenzhen, preferably the American dollar, rather than the people's dollar.

Shenzhen was a few weeks ago racked by riots that were severely repressed by club-swinging riot police. Political protest? By no means.

Eager punters were fighting to participate in a lottery enabling them to buy shares on the Shenzhen Stock Market. Too much money is violently pursuing too few stocks, which have so far not earned a penny.

Is wide open quasi-capitalism and burgeoning prosperity the shape of the future for all China? Hardly, for two chief reasons.

The sheer immensity of the country, as well as the severe lack of skills and capital, keep the economy from progressing with even roughly equal speed everywhere. It will, rather, grow in fits and starts in scattered localities from Guangzhou to Shanghai to Tienjing and Wuhan. Growth will generally follow the leopard-spot pattern of the old "treaty ports," in which foreign capital and privilege once created distinct worlds apart from the host nation. It will, say ranking official technocrats, be at least thirty years before China can develop a true market economy and freely enter into international competition.

Democracy is not going to break out as "pollution by bourgeois ideas" increases with increasing foreign contacts. Neither, however, will the Communist Party be able to maintain its totalitarian grip.

Those statements are self-evident in China itself, despite wishful thinking by both democrats and totalitarians. Economic liberalization does not presage widespread political liberalization. Not, at least, in the sense the West would like: evolution toward representative democracy.

Deng Xiaoping calls what he wants "Socialism with Chinese characteristics," perhaps because he does not know what else to call it. Socialism it is less and less each day as state-owned industry's contribution to the gross domestic product plummets from the 50 per cent to which it fell last year. Insofar as "Chinese characteristics" means anything at all, it means continuing authoritarianism.

The nature of that control, too, will change sharply in the near future. How it works today is explained by a Hong Kong industrialist as a jetfoil foams down the Pearl River, rocking the 150-foot, paddle-driven Dragon Boats that will the next day enact a millennia-old ritual, searching for the body of Chu Yuan, a benevolent prime minister who drowned himself rather than obey his king's orders to oppress the common people.

Mr. Cheung owns a factory that makes shoes, not in Shenzhen, but in China itself. The entrepreneur's chief problem, curiously enough, is labor. As soon as a workman acquires basic skills, he goes elsewhere for an additional 100 RMB to 200 RMB ($17 to $34) a month.

Mr. Cheung cannot deal with such labor mobility directly. Instead, he has sent a few key men to Hong Kong to learn to maintain the machinery. Those technicians, in turn, break in the foremen who break in the new hands who are constantly appearing

Mr. Cheung pays his foremen well enough to keep them for a year or two. The key technicians he pays as much as 6,000 RMB ($1,000) a month, an enormous sum even in booming Guangdong Province.

Officially, Mr. Cheung exports 80 per cent of his output and sells the remaining 20 per cent in China. Actually, the ratio is the other way. But Mr. Cheung is all right as long as he can produce foreign exchange for the government's needs. He does so in part by tolerated "swaps" at black-market rates—and in part by bribing Communist cadres.

"Party secretaries and functionaries are everywhere," he explains. "The Party apparatus is as strong as ever with economic reform, maybe even stronger. And they've all got their palms out. I'm lucky. I don't hand out vast sums of money or Mercedeses like many industrialists. An occasional trip to Hong Kong, a few banquets, and TVs, microwaves, or motorbikes do the trick for me!"

Corruption in the Communist Party is no new phenomenon: the first campaign against intra-Party graft was mounted in 1952. Yet graft is far more prevalent today than it was, say, a decade ago—one reason the iron hand of the Party lies less heavily on the Chinese people today than at any other time since 1949. A middle-aged hospital administrator explains why the Communist Party can no longer assert its will tyrannically. "The Party has lost prestige during the past 15 years, especially because of economic liberalization and the Tiananmen Affair," she says. "It is no longer as venerated or as feared as it was. Besides, the transfer of economic power to regions, provinces, and localities has sapped central power.

"Anyway, many cadres are now younger and less cocksure, more worried about the people's rights and the people's reactions. And the people stand up for themselves more. Nobody is going to tell Chinese peasants what to do with land they now consider their own."

Other aspects of the breakdown of authority are the menace of drugs and the recrudescence of secret societies.

The Communists claimed to have stamped out narcotics, which Chinese hate because the enormous profits to be gained from opium trading led to foreign attacks and foreign exploitation. But more Chinese are peddling and using drugs today than at any other time since the Japanese invaders used opium and heroin to undermine Chinese resistance in the 1940s.

Old-line secret societies—not the Triads, who rose in Hong Kong rather recently—were virtually an alternative regime when the Communists came to power. By regulating the movements of the societies' leaders, who were well known, the People's Republic reduced those shadow governments to impotence. But the Society of Elder Brothers, the White Lotus Society, and the Heavenly Road Society are once more asserting their ancient power, directly challenging the government's authority.

The evolution of China is, clearly, not all joyous. Perhaps ominously, the rise of capitalism with Chinese characterics is also stimulating a much more assertive—almost aggressive—foreign policy. But that is a tale for another day. ☐

'Chinochet'?

JAMES COMO

LIMA

UNIQUENESS, we are told, does not admit of degree. On the other hand there is Peru. Remarkable for its disappearing economy; for a terrorist movement responsible for some twenty thousand deaths in 12 years; for a primary hard-currency crop that yields in its most marketable form both a grotesque poison and an occasional $1 billion a month; and remarkable, too, for the richness of its geography, peoples, languages, arts, and mores (not all to the good)—for all this, Peru must be reckoned as *very* unique.

So it should not, perhaps, have come as a surprise this spring when, instead of waiting for the army to launch a standard Latin American coup, President Alberto Fujimori launched a self-coup (*autogolpe*), suspending the congress, parts of the 325-article constitution, and (for two days) freedom of the press, *and* firing most of the judiciary. Most even of the 80 per cent of Peruvians who approved of the novel *autogolpe* doubt that those steps will abbreviate Peru's litany of woe. But they despised the timorous judges and positively hated the do-nothing, old-line, *$2,000-per-month* legislators (in a country where the average *annual* income is $1,400). After all, that is why they voted for the mysteriously independent Fujimori (over the presumably dependent Mario Vargas Llosa) in the first place.

Mr. Como who teaches rhetoric at York College in New York City, is the editor of C. S. Lewis at the Breakfast Table *(Harcourt) and a Salvatori Fellow at the Heritage Foundation.*

In the two years since his election, Fujimori has made progress: inflation is down to 50 (from 7,650) per cent per year; a number of smaller state enterprises have been privatized, and two large banks may be; debt servicing has resumed, so that Peru could soon reenter the world financial community. Downtown Lima has been painted and its streets are no longer garbage dumps; there are fewer *ambulantes* (street vendors) and a commensurate decline in the stench that comes from public streets' being used as public toilets; affluent suburbs are not merely maintained but ornately decorated and their parks secure; and (most remarkably) supermarket shelves are stacked high.

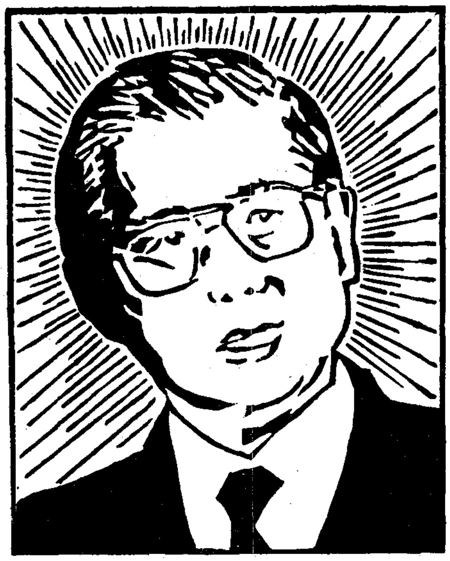
But a medium-sized box of Frosted Flakes costs ten new *soles* (almost exactly ten dollars), a gallon of gas costs three (a 350 per cent rise since the election), and a lower-middle-class pensioner cannot buy a daily newspaper if he wants toilet paper too. His house will be without running water for several hours a day, and his taxes (thanks to the IMF) are as high as ever. His one domestic will work (happily) for room, board, and four *soles* a month. So people were enduringly, tiresomely frustrated, especially since no serious inroads had been made against either the *Sendero Luminoso* (Shining Path) terrorists or the narco-traffickers.

When I visited Lima two years ago, just before the election, I found only one person who thought Fujimori would win; no one I talked to afterward admitted to having voted for him. This time I could find only one disinterested person who *dis*approves of the *golpe*. His reasoning is straightforward: Just what difference can the *golpe* make? The *Dincota*, an anti-terrorist strike force, was already enjoying some success against the *Sendero* guerrillas, and the army will hardly be less corrupt.

The answer is as simple as it is difficult for non-Peruvians to apprehend: The hated and discredited, obstructionist and perverse Apristas (leaders of the American Popular Revolutionary Alliance, the party of Fujimori's predecessor, Alan García) are virtually gone. Immediately after the *autogolpe* a cache of arms was found in APRA headquarters; García, with a warrant out for his arrest, remains in Colombia. Most agree that this fumigation alone vindicates *"el Chinito,"* as the Nisei president is known.

Furthermore, the *Sendero*'s clandestine newspaper, *El Diario*, finally has been raided and, for now, shut down, and the imprisoned *Sendero* cadres—who had created a "liberated zone" within the jail—have been dispersed. Even better: the second-in-command of MRTA (Tupac Amaro Revolutionary Movement, an urban kidnapping/terrorist group) has been captured, along with a huge cache of arms, documents, and dollars.

So the closer one gets to Peru the better the *golpe* looks. On the other hand: there remains Fujimori himself. He badly underestimated the foreign response and, characteristically, had no discernible plan in place. He provided his timetable for a new constitution and free elections only in response to pressure exerted by the Organization of American States and by the United States. Arrogant abroad, even to the faces of foreign chiefs of state, he is insufferable at home. Last December he said that Peru needed an emperor who would rule for ten years but that he was not such a person, since he respected the constitution too much. This is a man whose feet must be kept to the fire.


John Hart

Vargas Llosa has led the chorus from abroad; but he is as ignored inside Peru as he is echoed outside it. In any terms but the most formalistic, there was hardly a whole democracy in Peru before the *golpe* and there is hardly any less now. Fujimori is quite determined to do the right things—just about everything Vargas Llosa suggested, minus (if we will allow) the United States' inadequate anti-drug plan, the more onerous elements of IMF micro-management, and the wearisome interference of a crypto-subversive APRA apparatus. Sometimes a badly healed bone wants re-breaking, in order that it may properly mend.

Peruvians look to Chile—hated Chile!—as the promised land. In 1975 Peru's gross domestic product per capita was the same as Chile's; now it is half. And, oh, what they would give for a Pinochet of their own. Unfortunately, for every Franco or even Pinochet, there are too many Trujillos, Castros, Somozas, Batistas, Ortegas. Fujimori is neither a Franco nor a "Chinochet." But he has begun asking for help (from Jude Wanniski's Polyconomics, for example) and, with an accelerated application of free-market principles and anti-terrorist strategies, and with foreign support, this "revolution of seals" (after the many who bark in protest but clap below the table, where it cannot be seen) just might work. The local press mostly supports it, and it has certainly given rise to a commodity not much in evidence for the last ten years: hope; real, perhaps, only in the light of the desperation that has preceded it, but hope nevertheless. All the Abstract Democratism in the world cannot gainsay the good that hope can do.

With Fujimori having thrown down the gauntlet, the *Senderistas* had to go on the offensive, with car bombs, calls for strikes, and assassinations. It is impossible to predict whether they will succeed in crushing that hope. They are arguably less powerful than the Mafia is in Sicily; but, unlike the Mafia, they don't care whom they kill. Peru draws close to an unappealing choice: Argentina under the generals, or Cambodia under Pol Pot. Given the power he has invested in the military (accused terrorists, for example, will be tried in military courts), Fujimori already may have chosen the former.

In 1981 Peru's treasured "solitude" began coming to an end (again thanks to Vargas Llosa) when Hernando De Soto and others sponsored an international economics colloquium featuring Milton Friedman. The modern civic center was packed for three days with thousands of listeners and the press. Finally, one who listened is in a position to act. With a teleology all its own—unique, at least—Peru deserves some time, and some indulgence. ☐

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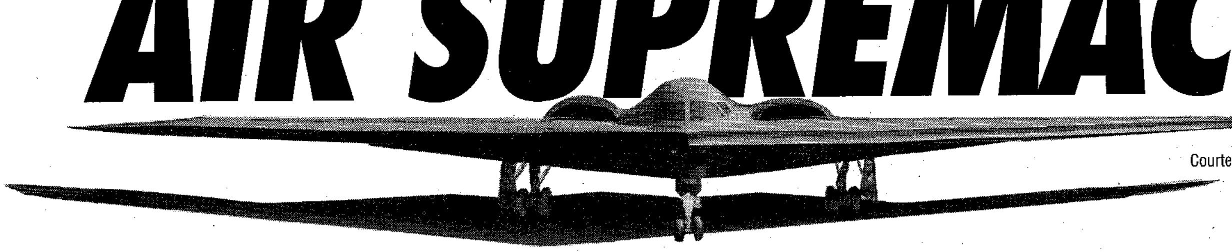
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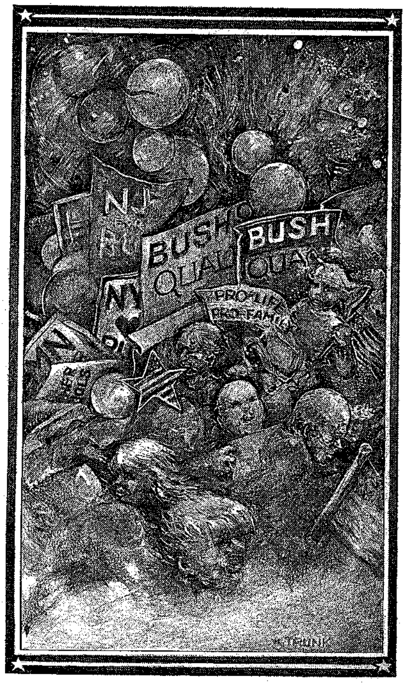

Houston and After

PARTY IN SEARCH OF A THEME

The Gipper's vision and the President's apology; Pat Buchanan's shot in the cultural war and Dan Quayle's genial good humor—many fine notes were sounded. The campaign's task is to turn them into a tune.

RICHARD BROOKHISER

REPUBLICANS have been so used to bad news that there were some in Houston who saw the travails of Woody Allen as yet another setback, in that they competed with the Convention for the media spotlight. On the other hand, the story proved that untraditional families are at least as crazy as traditional ones. Allen and Mia Farrow don't even have the excuse of poverty, though she does live in a rent-controlled apartment.

The Republicans had only their own long-windedness to blame for bumping Ronald Reagan out of prime time on Monday night. It was an autumnal performance, and he ended by bidding the delegates "good-bye." Yet the text was all youth and hope, quoting—and believing—Emerson, on America as "the country of tomorrow." Reagan's optimism was all the more striking, coming off the speech of one of the pretenders to his mantle, Patrick Buchanan. Buchanan formally ended his revolt against George Bush as he began it in Concord, New Hampshire, nine months earlier, with personal grace toward his foe. All the intervening bites on Bush's hams were forgotten. For the rest, Buchanan drew on the dark images he loves so well: of a stolid paper-mill worker in Graveton, New Hampshire, telling him, "Save our jobs"; of soldiers on riot duty in burning Los Angeles, taking back the city block by block—a fit metaphor, Buchanan said, for the cultural and religious warfare facing America in the Nineties. This saturnine temper, more than the Jewish Question, or any other issue squall, will be what keeps him from ever grasping a nomination. He is the kind of person democracies want to have on call, not making the calls.

Jack Kemp, alone of the would-be Conservatives of Tomorrow, showed something of Reagan's expansive sunniness, though his speech was relatively subdued, perhaps from a consciousness that the issues for which he was praising Bush, such as enterprise zones, were issues which he had discovered, and which, because of bad luck and political incapacity, he has been forced for four years to push from a subordinate position. Pat Robertson favored us with his keening sing-song, though he did get off one of the best shots on the social issues: Bill Clinton told *People* that he wouldn't let his 13-year-old daughter get her ears pierced, but "he wants to give your 13-year-old daughter the choice, without parental consent, to destroy her own unborn baby." But the worst speech among the pretenders, without question, was Phil Gramm's keynote. Gramm looked like a tortoise flown in from some remote island where the species has swollen to gigantic and lumbering size, and he talked like one. He should not give up hope, though: the biggest egg of the Democratic Convention four years ago was laid by Bill Clinton.

Scattered Themes

FOUR THEMES were scattered through the week's oratory, though sometimes you needed a Geiger counter to detect them. The first was peace through strength and experience. The collapse of Communism was much celebrated, most simply and perhaps most effectively by Gerald Ford: "Our long international nightmare is over." Speakers had to temper their relief over this victory, however, with warnings that other threats to regional and world stability would arise. Saddam Hussein was cited as an example of such a post-Communist threat, albeit gingerly, since he has

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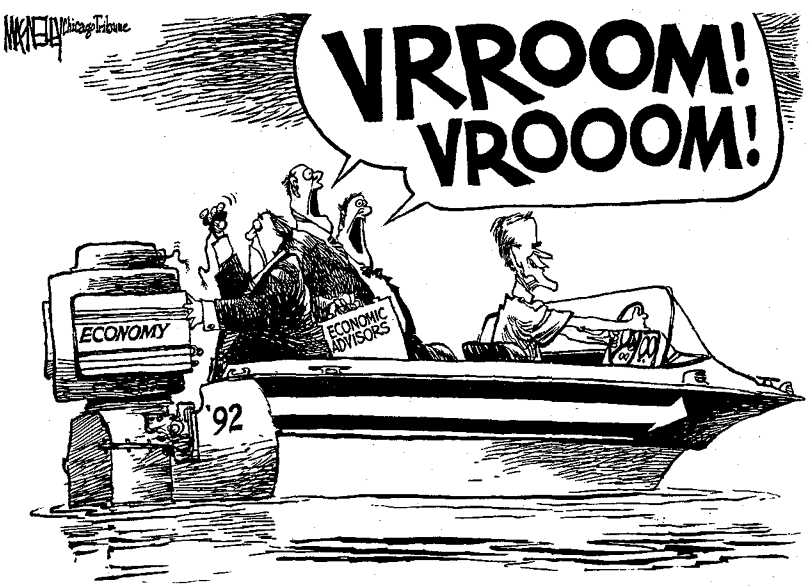
Mr. Brookhiser is an NR *Senior Editor and a columnist for the* New York Observer.

ILLUSTRATION BY KATHERINE TRUNK



become a post–Desert Storm threat as well. Whatever the need for experience, everyone agreed that Bill Clinton didn't have any ("mail clerk for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee," was how Senator Mitch McConnell summarized his foreign-policy résumé).

Skating carefully over the recession, the Republicans argued that a second Bush Administration would be as successful at home as it had been abroad, so long as it worsted three enemies. Enemy number one was all the special-interest groups devoted to dysfunctional status quos. Wisconsin governor Tommy Thompson told of teachers' union resistance to school choice, and Education Secretary Lamar Alexander said that Clinton seemed to be running for president of the NEA. Vice President Quayle assailed the "litigation explosion" and the folks who brought it to you, the trial lawyers. Enemy number two was Congress, especially the 38-year-old Democratic majority in the House of Representatives. Robertson got off another good line, after noting that the average jail term for murderers was six and a half years, while the average tenure of a congressman was thirteen years: "We are giving early release to the wrong criminal class." The GOP's assault on Congress was enfeebled, however, by the support of such pillars of the Capitol Hill establishment as Bob Michel and Guy Vander Jagt, the latter fresh from a primary loss to an anti-incumbent insurgent.

The third enemy, and the fourth theme, was everyone on the other side of the "cultural war," as Buchanan called it, or the "cultural divide," as everyone else less bluntly put it. The abortion battle that the press had hoped for amounted to nothing more than a pro-abortion paragraph in a speech by Massachusetts Governor William Weld. "I want government out of your pocket and your bedroom," said Weld, to about equal cheers and boos. But the fire directed at the cultural derelictions of liberals by speaker after speaker more than made up for this quiet on the home front.

The Republican case for defending traditional values was made most comprehensively, and most calmly, by former Education Secretary (and *NR* Senior Editor) William Bennett. "This is a free country," Bennett said, nominating Quayle. "Within very broad limits people may live as they wish. And yet we believe that some ways of living are better than others. . . . Marriage and parenthood should be held up" because the family is "the first, the best, and the original department of health, education, and welfare." This, be it noted, was an instrumental argument—traditional values deserve the encouragement of the state because they work—an argument also advanced by Newt Gingrich when he opposed "multicultural nihilistic hedonism" to "six thousand years of *experience* with the Judaeo-Christian tradition" (emphasis mine). I wonder how many delegates bought it? There seemed to be more whoops for Maryland senatorial candidate Alan Keyes, when he declared that "there is no right to do wrong." But of course, in the case of many wrongs, there is precisely a right to do them, in any state this side of a Republic of Virtue. Keyes knows this as well as Bennett and Gingrich. So, in practice, do most conservatives. But they should keep their arguments in better order.

The Candidates Step Forward

THE NOMINEES, speaking on the last night, were awaited with a suspense appropriate to men who had both stimulated last-minute calls to step down. Quayle shone. Number-two men have a simple assignment—attack, attack, attack—but he did it without snarling or smirking, and he showed a self-deprecating humor akin to Reagan's. Al Gore, whose besetting histrionic vice is pomposity, may find himself in unexpected trouble when they debate.

President Bush was—good enough. His speech was an odd grab-bag, half a running-mate's speech, and half a State of the Union address. It had too many jokes, and too many issues. His apology for breaking his tax pledge amounted to "The Devil [that is, the Democrats] made me do it." But at least he apologized. Bits of Jim Pinkerton ("the tattered blanket of bureaucracy the rest of the world is throwing away") whirled past bits of Dick Darman (the tax return check-off scheme that had everyone going, *Huh? Wha?*). There was even a bit of poetry: Bush standing, as he once stood on the bridge of the *U.S.S. Finback* after his plane was shot down in 1944, seeing the first rays of an American sunrise. More important than the text was Bush's manner. The man who began this political season vomiting in Japan was steady, determined, forceful. The audience, relieved, howled for the blood of Democrats.

Will they get it? The Republicans head into the fall with a lopsided campaign, all social issues and foreign policy, forced on them by a weak economy and by Bush's abandonment, two years ago, of his best line of defense on that front: *I kept my word. Blame the Democrats*. The GOP will have to make the pitch Sidney Blumenthal, in *Pledging Allegiance*, wrongly thought it made four years ago: strength (in defense of hearth, and oil supplies) versus weakness.

Will conservatives be of any help to Bush and his party? Leftists (John Judis), liberals (E. J. Dionne), and conservatives (Bob Tyrrell) have all argued recently that the conservative movement has fragmented into its component parts. If that is so, is Bush entirely to blame for his own confusion? The fissionists overstate the case, yet it is certainly true that conservatives are in transition, if only because the world has been. Switching the intellectual points will be a job for us whether Bush wins or loses. □

CONVENTION NOTES

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

THE GENERAL assumption was that the issue of "character," for a while defined as how many extra-marital liaisons Bill Clinton had had, was out of the way; settled; *res judicata*. It was very evident on Monday that this isn't the case, not at all. And it is also plain that the ticket-leaders, Bush–Quayle, are not depending on lesser lights to stress the point. They are thoroughly engaged themselves in the practice of saying to the American voter: "Forget everything else, if you like. Forget the Democrats' predilection for the lousewort over the American worker. Forget their sullen dislike for a strong American military. But do not forget this, that we are fit to lead, they are not."

Mr. Quayle began it quite early when he said, "Did you notice how much time Bill Clinton spent on the subject of American values? The first 15 minutes of his hour-long speech was on the subject. Well, it's a great thing for America when Bill Clinton comes out for family values." That statement has only a single meaning. It places, in the center of the political ring, Clinton's spotted personal record.

George Bush came on. He attempted to provide his own cover in respect of his renowned weakness as an orator. "I am no wordsmith," he said, slightly mispronouncing the word. "For me, eloquence is action." (Rambo becomes more eloquent than Socrates.) But the President was en route to what appears to be gestating as the planted axiom of the Republican Convention: the proposition that Republican leaders are better people. Mr. Bush did not go as far as GOP chief Rich Bond, who attempted an extraordinary disjunction—"We are America, they are not America"—but he said it: "Who do you trust to do what is right for the U.S.A.?"

Speaker after speaker chimed in. Alan Simpson repeated five words Clinton had used to open his letter to his mentor at age 23: "To maintain my political viability"—the letter in which he proposed to join the Reserves as a means of avoiding the draft. Pat Buchanan (in a masterly address) said it directly: George Bush volunteered and "at 17 was the youngest fighter pilot in the war. When Bill Clinton's time came, he sat up in a dormitory room in Oxford and figured out how to dodge the draft. Which of these two men has won the moral authority to send American young men to battle?"

The point here is not idle. William Bennett, tackled on the subject on *Crossfire*, reminded the interlocutor that character was the only qualification enumerated by the Founding Fathers for serving in public office. But along the way at Houston one got the idea that character was surfacing in part because other matters were not. The only public issue that got genuine ventilation was free trade, ably handled by Carla Hills and Governor Jim Edgar of Illinois. Abortion was kept behind the scenes, with the illusory recommendation of a Constitutional Amendment. Taxes were not stressed for the obvious reason that President Bush was rendered forever vulnerable on the subject in 1990.

* * *

A kind of dreamy optimism was the hallmark of an eloquent plea by Ronald Reagan, enlivened by his singular aptitude to amuse while deriding ("They kept telling us with straight faces that they were for family values, and they call *me* an actor!"). But what Mr. Reagan was saying was that all the beauties we have experienced in the past in America are as nothing beside those that lie ahead for us. This is an unadorned Biblical metaphor ("Eyes have not seen, nor ears heard, the wonders the Lord has prepared for us"). Ronald Reagan did not give the impression that he was programmed to end the evening with this wistful vision of an even greater America. Reagan's voice was nothing, if not heartfelt. He has been around a very long time—after all, he reminded us, he and Thomas Jefferson were friends, and Clinton is no Thomas Jefferson. He has addressed six conventions, and the laws of probability suggested that this would be his final appearance, and he wished to leave his fingerprint indelibly in the memory of his flock: America is unique. America was born to be exceptionalist. But you know, folks, this does require character.

* * *

How big a tent should a political party have? Pat Buchanan was roundly condemned in various accents. John Chancellor said that the convention floor was abuzz with concern over Buchanan's tribute to force. What Buchanan said was that in the last analysis it was "force" that stayed the hand of the marauders of Los Angeles. The militia, using "force, rooted in courage, backed by justice," protected the old people's home. Chancellor didn't say it in exactly these words, but listeners knew what he was thinking: that we had been listening to Mussolini.

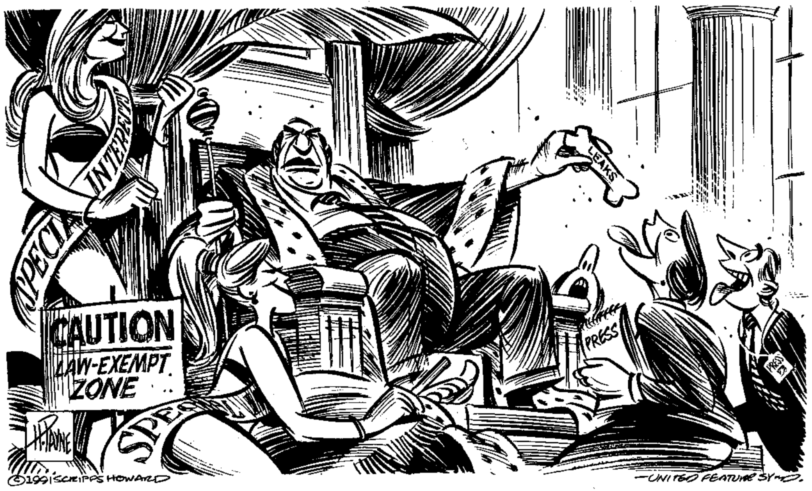
Senator John Chafee said that the Republican Party of Pat Buchanan was one that desired gay-bashing and holding up to obloquy women who chose to have an abortion, and he thought this "distasteful." Barbara Bush, reiterating her previously announced position that she didn't think abortion should figure in the Republican platform in any way, confessed that she found certain aspects of Pat Buchanan's speech to be "judgmental." That word, by the way, has acquired a negative meaning of a kind that leaves the language without an appropriate word to describe opposition based on moral grounds. The result is that we become a nation of moral castrates, "afraid to say a good word about Camels, for fear of offending Lucky Strikes," as the late Willi Schlamm once termed the creeping relativism of the 1950s.

* * *

The interview with Pat Buchanan conducted by Tom Brokaw was hilarious for the social distance Mr. Brokaw attempted to put between him and his guest. He referred to him, I kid thee not, as "Mr. Buchanan." The regnant familiarity among media moguls is so pronounced, the chances are Tom Brokaw would have referred to, oh, Walter Lippmann as "Walter." "Mr." Buchanan suggested the kind of formality one invokes in order to convey that you are perfectly well aware that you are talking to somebody who lives in a moral sanitarium. Thus you would expect Dan Rather or Peter Jennings or Brokaw to refer to "Mr. Duke" when/if interviewing David Duke; but to "Jesse" when talking with the Reverend J. Jackson.

What Buchanan said to Mr. Brokaw was that when he watched the proceedings at Madison Square Garden, he "never felt so alienated" from his own society. Why? Because he felt he was watching the deliberations of a political party that refused to weigh the question of right and wrong. Thus homosexuals had the same right to "marriage" as heterosexuals, which is like saying that baseball players have the same right to play football as football players. He said that the Democratic Party was all for Choice, but not for those who wished to send their children to religious schools. Freedom of speech for pornographers, but not for rabbis to deliver a benediction at a public-school graduation.

The Big Tent theory of inclusiveness has a hard time making distinctions. Franklin Delano Roosevelt let slip in 1944 that he had no objection to members of the Communist Party voting for him—because, after all, they had a vote. Modern readers will find it difficult to imagine the shock experienced by some over *that* Big Tent, because although we were fighting as allies with the Soviets, we knew a great deal about Stalin's practices, and about the practices of his agents in the United States, sworn to advance an anti-democratic, anti-capitalist revolution by force or any other means. . . . How would Democratic inclusionists have reacted to hospitality shown to David Duke? Why is it so difficult to understand those who believe that one can't seriously advance family values and homosexual marriages at one and the same time? Or that there really are Americans, by no means fanatical in disposition, who believe that to kill unborn children is at least as offensive as to bar blacks from a country club?



"I AM OFFENDED BY PRESIDENT BUSH'S CHARACTERIZATION OF CONGRESS AS A 'DISTANT AND PRIVILEGED CLASS OF RULERS!' WE ARE NOT 'DISTANT!'"

But the evening ended with a glow. There was Newt Gingrich, tough but genial. Jack Kemp, with his roaring enthusiasm for life and for opportunity for the underdog. And Phil Gramm, with his country-and-western paean to the land of opportunity, with heavy emphasis on the salient opportunity of the season, which is to vote Republican in November.

* * *

The effort was made here and there to define family values. Not an easy thing to do, by the way—over the weekend, brainy essayist Lance Morrow of *Time* magazine was fretting over a professional assignment to do exactly that. Barbara Bush reached for metaphors. Well, she said, when the children were growing up, we went to church, we cheered the Fourth of July, we sang carols at Christmas. And accepted, and learned to accept, that life is not necessarily easy. "Thank heavens we didn't expect our kids to be perfect: they weren't."

But, said the First Lady, ask George what it is he is proudest of, his record in college, his success as an entrepreneur, his public career, his election as President and service in that role, and he'll answer that what he is truly proud of is that "his children still come home." Those who heard her can't have suspected that Mrs. Bush was alleging that the children of Bill Clinton and

Al Gore had become refugees of their parents' households, inasmuch as they are under-age for that kind of thing. And if they suspected that the reference was to the Reagan family and the much publicized alienation of daughter Patti, who makes a living by badmouthing her parents, that contingency was covered by Mrs. Bush's acknowledgment that tragedy is a part of human existence. "We lost a daughter, almost lost a son, and another child had a learning disability."

But there it was, family values as defined by the First Lady. Sure, she engages in hyperbole. Her husband is not only the best husband, President, and statesman in the world, he is also the "healthiest" man. Some delegates might have permitted themselves to wonder whether Arnold Schwarzenegger wasn't perhaps at least as healthy, but then what is a political convention supposed to celebrate, if not the supremacy of its candidate, even if a little transmogrification is required?

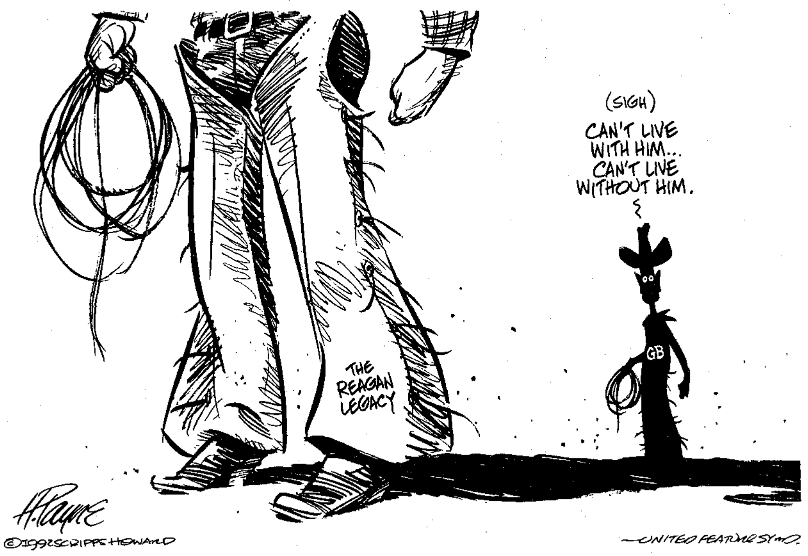
* * *

On top of it all there were celebrations, inside the Astrodome, and outside the Astrodome. Among other things, Bill Clinton became 46 years old on Wednesday, which reminded some of us old fogeys that that was exactly the age when it was all but universally determined in Europe that the best thing to do with Napoleon Bonaparte was to send him to St. Helena to live.

* * *

Jackie Gleason complained 25 years ago that as of the moment it was announced that CBS would pay him $5 million a year (at the time a record-breaking sum), he knew that he faced failure. "People will ask themselves after each of my programs, 'Was he $5 million funny?' and they will say to themselves, 'No. Not *that* funny.'" Mr. Bush faced problems of that order after all the talk about the need for him to deliver the "speech of his life." On the other hand if he *had* delivered the Speech of His Life, defined as something transcending anything he had ever before done, he probably would have guaranteed the loss of the election. The delegates would have been puzzled to hear from Mr. Bush something on the order of a Cooper Union address.

Although the President had a sprinkle of innovative ideas, notably the notion that taxpayers should be given the right to assign 10 per cent of their income taxes to debt-reduction, on the whole it was pretty much the same thing; and the same thing is a whole lot better than other-than-the-same-thing, at the hands of mad-dog government interventionists. There was, however, the one difficulty, the brooding omnipresence to which no Republican analyst has prescribed a plausible cure: that problem is, Congress.



If it is true, as Mr. Bush and 121 other speakers (the count of senior campaign advisor Charlie Black) claim, that Congress is responsible for the paralysis of legislative action, exactly what is going to persuade Americans this time around to stop voting for Democratic senators and representatives? Mr. Bush's speech?

It worked for Eisenhower in 1952—he got a Republican Congress for a couple of years; and, 28 years later, Mr. Reagan brought in a GOP Senate. But as the delegates were powerfully told, for 42 years, by and large the Congress has been Democratic, and with such a Congress—and Mr. Bush—no progress can be made.

* * *

What is the thoughtful voter to conclude? Either a) that there ought not to be a Democratic Congress; or else b) that there ought not to be a Republican President. The rational voter might be tempted to conclude that it is easier for him to vote No to a Republican President than it is for him to persuade fifty first-cousins in fifty states to vote for a Democratic Congress. This is a point that Mr. Bush might dramatically have highlighted if he had said: Look, four more years of the kind we have just had—with me proposing appropriate legislation and the Congress refusing to act—results in bad government. If bad government is re-endorsed by the voters in November, my patriotic duty would be to withdraw. Let the Electoral College designate a Democrat as President if the people once again immobilize a Republican President with a Democratic Congress.

The late Professor Willmoore Kendall in his famous essay, "The Two Majorities," said that the American voter tended to speak in two voices. In the first, he toyed with high and idealistic theory: vote for Woodrow Wilson, thrilling the world with his high harmonic serenities about freedom and democracy for everybody, guaranteed by the United States. In the other mode, the same voter would look at the congressional choices and incline to the one who promised to shield young Americans from any mandate to die fighting for democracy on the shores of Tripoli. In textbook democratic schematics it looks nice, a reflection of the division of powers: Congress says Yes, the Executive says No, and

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William F. Buckley, Jr.

With photographs by Christopher Little

RANDOM HOUSE

the voter has rhetorical satisfaction and practical relief.

The popular sense that the political picture is not, in Mr. Bush's words, "in place" underlies the malaise of the current mood; and although in high spirit George Bush hacked away at the ideological pyre designed by his critics to cremate him as responsible for everything that has disappointed Americans during the past four years, he did not face up to the consequences of the problem he described: a paralysis in government. He was engagingly feisty, kindling the enthusiasm of the delegates. But he had said, "Let's deport any voter who has gone Democratic more than twice," he could probably have got a standing ovation. What he did not satisfy was the appetite of Americans who feel that indeed something of a structural significance has to be done about the American political system. ☐

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

WILLIAM McGURN

THE WEEK before the 2,210 Republican delegates gathered here in Houston to renominate George Bush for the Presidency of the United States, the platform subcommittee dealing with economic policy faced the broken tax pledge head-on. Representative Vin Weber (R., Minn.) offered a resolution saying that Republicans thought the budget deal a mistake and urged its immediate repeal. The Bush campaign's Charlie Black looked at the resolution and was horrified at the likelihood that it would appear in newsprint as "GOP Repudiates President." He asked Weber to delete "mistake" (though not "repeal").

There was no little confusion here, because Bush had already said on the record that it was a mistake (and would use precisely the same word a week later in his acceptance speech). Grover Norquist of Americans for Tax Reform suggested the wording: "The Republicans agree with President Bush" that the budget deal was a mistake. But the campaign team, fixated on the word "mistake," again balked. So in the end it was changed from "a mistake" to "recessionary"—actually an improvement, because it officially reclassified the budget deal from political miscalculation to empirical disaster.

Nonetheless, the argument preceding the final change was classic Bush Administration: fiddling over the choice of fire hose while everyone else is trying to stop Rome from burning down. Indeed, Monday evening called unflatteringly to mind Shaw's *Saint Joan*. Even while Joan was making a stunning case that the Dauphin Charles was the rightful ruler of France and that the fate of both nation and Christendom hinged on his restoration to the throne, the Dauphin himself was bankrupting the Treasury, cutting deals behind Joan's back, and caving in to a host of leeches who served as his advisors. Here in Houston, while Buchanan and the Gipper were thundering to a packed Convention, I had visions of George Bush in his hotel room playing, like Shaw's Charlie, with a child's ball-and-cup game.

That's a tad unfair, but if the Convention demonstrated anything it was the disconnection between a Republican Party fired up to go into battle on the President's behalf and the President himself. Far from castigating their candidate for the many things he has done to lose their support, they gave him a round of deafening applause when he admitted he had made a mistake with the budget deal. And in the 1992 platform, the drafting committee gave him a secure foundation on which to build a credible campaign. "The platform we have written gives people all across America a hundred good reasons to vote for George Bush," says one of the drafters, Sandy McDade. "I'll leave it up to them to decide which of these will be the reason for their vote."

Not Taking Advantage

UNFORTUNATELY, these hundred good reasons aren't entirely clear to the Bush team itself, which always seems to want to have its principles and eat them too. Take the abortion issue. All the exit polls in the last three presidential elections demonstrate without question that, among single-issue voters, the pro-life position is a net five- or six-point gain. The real gain is probably even larger, inasmuch as the Democrats' pro-choice position reminds voters of the Democrats' position on everything from condoms in the schools and gay rights to marriage and the family.

In crass political terms, moreover, pro-lifers are the heart and soul of the Republican Party. Because they believe abortion is the killing of a human being, they have the most reason to be here. The difference between the parties was graphically illustrated by the difference between the kind of people who showed up in New York and the kind who showed up in Houston: while Democrats talked of "family values," Republicans showed up with actual families.

Inexplicably, however, Barbara Bush chose this moment to express her displeasure with the platform position on national TV. Mrs. Bush's comment demonstrated the Achilles' heel of the Bush campaign: it implied that in his heart the President didn't really believe in the party's position. And it implied great divisions in the party at a moment when the GOP needed

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Mr. McGurn is NR*'s Washington Bureau Chief.*

unity. The net result was to shake the base while gaining nothing from the other side.

Nowhere, however, was the disconnection more apparent than in the President's address to the Convention, particularly on the issue of taxes. Rumors had been flying for days about the shape of the speech, though almost everyone took it for granted that he would have to deal with his broken tax pledge somewhere. Instead of confidently placing it at the top of his speech and getting it out of the way (as Pat Buchanan wisely did with his endorsement of Bush in his own speech), the President drew out suspense by withholding it until near the end. When he finally did admit that it was a "bad call," the words were fine. But they should have come earlier.

In fact, they would have been more convincing had they come well before the Convention. Why the Bush campaign appears determined to have the President make key moves at the precise moment they will appear the most opportunistic is beyond me. The first time he admitted that the budget deal was probably not such a hot idea was on the day of the Georgia primary, two weeks after Pat Buchanan's stunning showing in New Hampshire. And he waited until this Convention—when he finds himself further down than he ever expected against Bill Clinton—to say forthrightly that it was his own fault.

In fairness to Bob Teeter and Co., the biggest obstacle to restoring George Bush's credibility is the President himself. In his heart of hearts, Bush doesn't *believe* he really made a mistake in the budget deal; rather, he believes that he was betrayed by the Democratic Congress and that he has been unfairly persecuted for having tried to do the right thing. That in turn breeds resentment and pride, and it comes through in his Carteresque complaints about how hard his job is. When asked about the broken pledge by Christian radio host James Dobson, Bush said, Well, Reagan was strong on taxes but he raised them four times. This is the sort of thing that makes Bush look arrogant and small at the same time.

It also makes it clear that he regards conservatism as the creed of a troublesome special interest to be appeased rather than the key to Ronald Reagan's landslide victories. At a press conference here for conservatives who endorsed Bush, Fred Malek was appreciative, but in private he kept referring to "you conservatives." In addition, were Bush really determined to redress the wrong done by the budget disaster he would have sacked its architect, Richard Darman.

The Darman Disaster

FOR A MOMENT it looked as though this might happen, as rumors rippled through the Convention that Darman was on the list of Cabinet officers who might be replaced. But Bush and apparently Baker continue to let him have a critical role in shaping not just presidential policy but presidential politicking. Vice President Quayle routinely sends speeches over to Darman's office for vetting, and Darman's fingerprints were evident in Bush's Thursday-night address—most notably the technocratic language about the 10 per cent giveback to the government, and the absence of any growth message. At one stage Darman had completely crowded out Ray Price, the man assigned to write the speech, and as late as Tuesday the draft was described by some who saw it as a "complete disaster."

It didn't turn out as bad as all that, but it lacked the coherent vision that Bush desperately needs. Even Jim Baker has yet to address the crucial dilemma: the campaign does not know what to say because it does not know what it wants to do. How else could it have allowed Richard Darman significant input into a speech that, to be convincing, needed to repudiate decisively the deal that the OMB director regards as his life's achievement?

The same could be said of other themes the campaign has been using. Trust, for example. The President first tried this out in early August in two speeches in Michigan and Wisconsin. He asked people whom they would trust when the late-night phone call came from some foreign land. But besides asking people to trust *him*, he talked about how he trusted *them*, in terms of everything from choosing schools for their own children to spending their own money. However, the first part of this message got particularly good response in the telephone poll, and so the campaign dropped the second part. In so doing it dropped what the pundits call a "wedge issue"—there's no way Bill Clinton can talk about the second kind of trust.

Most important, it would have helped put Bush back on the side of the angels in the great cultural war Buchanan alluded to. From day one of the 1980 campaign, everyone understood that Ronald Reagan was one of Us and would fight Them back in Washington who were running the country into the ground. In 1988 George Bush had his finest political moment when he too sounded like one of Us. It transpired, however, that getting along with Tom Foley, George Mitchell, and the *Washington Post* was more important to him than his solemn word. What he did by breaking his tax promise went far beyond economics: it told the public that there was no difference between the two parties, that whatever these guys might say to get elected, once they get back to Washington they revert to being Them again.

For George Bush it's a long way back from where he is now to the Promised Land. Luckily for him, however, the Republican delegates here in Houston have shown that their party is still much farther across the River Jordan than the Democrats can ever hope to be. In his nominating speech for Dan Quayle, William Bennett laid it on the line. "There are differences between the two political parties," he told a cheering Convention. "The differences are real. And they have consequences"—a point that must be driven home to voters between now and November if we are not to have Bill and Hillary moving into the Oval Office. But before this point can be driven home to the American people it must be brought home to the Bush campaign. ☐

Views From Hillsdale College

Government Is the Problem, Not the Solution

Many of us automatically assume that programs that are turned over to the national government are doomed to disaster. The U.S. Postal Service is a national joke; education and welfare programs are a public scandal. The typical citizen tends to shrug and say, "What can you expect from government?"

But government bureaucracy is growing, not shrinking. And it threatens to control our lives if we don't do something about it. We have allowed the "public sector" to grow in power and influence because we haven't defended the rights of the "private sector." We have forgotten that we *are* the private sector.

And the view of government as the ultimate "problem-solver" still persists. Many have given in to the idea that our problems are too big to face alone. We stoop to politics when we should be reaching for something higher, and that something higher is our own individual initiative.

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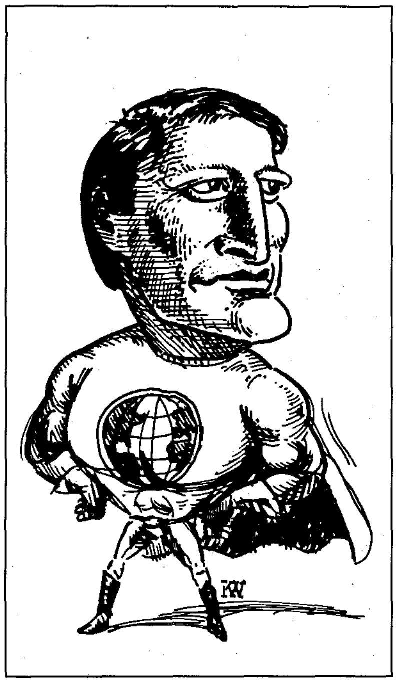

Apocalypse Now

CAPTAIN PLANET FOR VEEP

Al Gore is a family man, and he voted for Desert Storm. But his big contribution to the ticket is his environmentalism. Fortunately (for Republicans) it's all there in his book, *Earth in the Balance.*

RONALD BAILEY

'JUDGE ME by my first decision," challenged Bill Clinton. He was speaking of his choice of running-mate, Al Gore. Let us indeed judge Mr. Clinton by this decision.

Pundits have rushed to label Clinton and Gore as "moderates"; Gore describes himself as a "raging moderate." However, looking at Gore's record in Congress leaves little doubt that George McGovern was right when he told the *New York Times*, "I have a hunch that they're much more liberal underneath and will prove it when they're elected."

Gore's 1990 Americans for Democratic Action rating of 78 per cent places him quite comfortably in the company of such notorious moderates as Howard Metzenbaum (78), George Mitchell (83), and Carl Levin (78). His lifetime record of 87 per cent support for AFL-CIO positions places him with Ted Kennedy (93), Alan Cranston (90), and Patrick Leahy (84). In addition, Gore has rarely seen a tax hike he didn't like. He has consistently opposed cutting the capital-gains tax, and in 1986 he voted in favor of creating a third tax rate of 35 per cent. Gore's National Tax-Limitation Committee rating of 15 per cent on tax issues is worse than Alan Cranston's and Daniel Inouye's 20 per cent, and equals Daniel Patrick Moynihan's and Patrick Leahy's records.

"That dog won't hunt," as Bill Clinton might say of the claim that Gore is a moderate.

Gore's Fast-Track

THE SON of a U.S. senator, Gore has been on the political fast-track ever since he entered the House of Representatives at age 28. He ran successfully for the Senate in 1984, and made a fairly good showing in the Democratic presidential primaries in 1988. If the Democrats lose in November, he is perfectly positioned to garner his party's presidential nomination in 1996.

Dave Stockman wrote in 1979 that "At age thirty, Al is already a major-league politician. Unfortunately, he inhales populist nostrums as naturally as he breathes. If there is one great service I can perform for the Republic it may be to teach Al Gore some basic economics before it is too late."

Evidently Stockman did not succeed. Gore has since consistently voted for increases in the federal minimum wage—although it is an economic fact that raising the minimum wage hurts the most vulnerable workers worst, those at the bottom of the pay scale and those trying to enter the workforce for the first time.

As a congressman in the late 1970s, Gore fiercely opposed the deregulation of the oil and natural-gas industries. Apparently buying into the dotty theory that oil companies had conspired to raise prices by as much as 300 per cent above their natural levels, Gore claimed Congress might have stumbled onto "the largest criminal conspiracy case in our history, involving billions of dollars, and it may be continuing to this day." He also argued that decontrolling oil prices would cost consumers billions of dollars and add to inflation in exchange for "benefits that are almost illusionary."

In fact, decontrol increased domestic production and helped bring about the collapse of the OPEC cartel, leading to much lower world oil prices by the mid 1980s. Similarly, the result of the deregulation of natural gas which Gore so strenuously opposed is that there is now a glut and prices have plummeted. It's particularly ironic that Gore now sees the burning of today's plentiful and cheap supplies of natural gas as a way to reduce smog in American cities and as part of the solution to the alleged global-warming crisis.

Many pundits, pointing to Gore's support of the Gulf War and the invasion of Panama, hailed Clinton's choice as a way to shore up his weak foreign-policy credentials. Gore himself seems to endorse this view: without so much as a blush, he hails the "political earthquake" that "topple[d] statues of Lenin . . . from Nicaragua to

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Mr. Bailey is a PBS television producer, whose book Ecoscam: The False Prophets of Ecological Apocalypse *will be published by St. Martin's in February 1993.*

ILLUSTRATION BY KEN WESTPHAL

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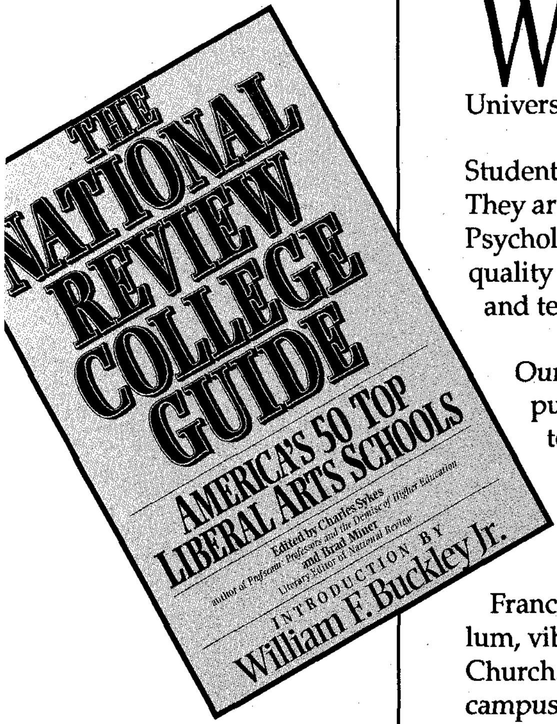
THE NATIONAL REVIEW COLLEGE GUIDE
AMERICA'S 50 TOP LIBERAL ARTS SCHOOLS
Edited by Charles Sykes author of Profscam: Professors and the Demise of Higher Education and Brad Miner Literary Editor of National Review
INTRODUCTION BY William F. Buckley Jr.

What do prestigious publications such as the *National Review, Barron's* and *U.S. News & World Report* have in common? They all agree Franciscan University of Steubenville offers a quality Catholic Liberal Arts education.

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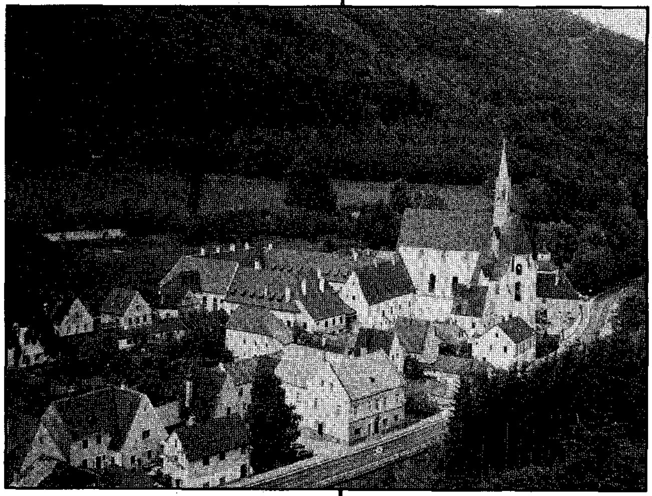

Franciscan University of Steubenville's Austrian campus.

Angola to Ethiopia, until it brought down the Soviet Union itself." Gore forgets that he was missing in action during the last battles of the cold war: he regularly opposed aid to the Nicaraguan Contras and to the UNITA anti-Communists in Angola. The statues of Lenin didn't topple by themselves, and Gore did nothing to give them a shove.

Although Gore claims expertise in nuclear arms control, he supported the

The Gorey Details

IN THE 1970s a particularly raunchy book, heading for the best-seller list in Britain, drew the attention of the satirical magazine *Private Eye*. The editors of *Private Eye*, knowing that a campaign against such a book will simply arouse public interest in it, took a different tack: they published a list of the juiciest pages so that the curious could read them in the bookstore without contributing to the author's coffers.

How nice that a Democratic staffer has unwittingly done the same for Al Gore's book, *Earth in the Balance*! A memo from a worried campaign aide published in the *Wall Street Journal* warned of arguments against the book and listed the pages most likely to come under attack.

Begin your bookstore tour of Al Gore's psyche with a whiff of self-interest on p. 8. We learn there that Gore worried about introducing environmentalism into his 1988 campaign—worried not that he might be scientifically inaccurate or morally wrong, but that environmentalism might be a "peripheral" political issue. "I began to doubt my own political judgment, so I began to ask the pollsters and professional politicians what they thought I ought to talk about."

Then flip to p. 340 to agonize with Gore in his battle with a fatal flaw. The senator had voted for sugar price supports, he says, "without appreciating the full consequences of [his] vote." Loyalties to the Southern farm bloc kept him from listening to those who "tried for years to persuade me to drop my support for sugar subsidies." But Gore concludes, "I . . . have decided as I write this book that I can no longer vote in favor of sugarcane subsidies." How noble.

And be sure not to miss the confession of hypocrisy on p. 15. There Gore reveals humbly that he uses his automobile air conditioner, which produces CFCs, on the way to speeches about why they should be banned. What can turn a man of so little courage into a leader?

Deep insight, perhaps? On p. 23 (among others) you may find Al Gore, political theorist. Totalitarian regimes, he teaches, desire more territory because "Denied validation in the countenance of its citizens, the totalitarian leadership feels no choice but to try to expand, out of an insatiable ambition to find—by imposing itself on others—conclusive evidence of its inner value."

And running throughout—the Great Crusade. On p. 39, for example, Gore courageously takes on the media. "In this case, when 98 per cent of the scientists in a given field share one view [on global warming] and 2 per cent disagree [see Ronald Bailey's article above for accurate statistics], both viewpoints are sometimes presented in a format in which each appears equally credible . . . Feel the spine-tingling devotion to The Cause on p. 274: "Adopting a central organizing principle . . . means embarking on an all-out effort to use every policy and program, every law and institution . . . to halt the destruction of the environment."

What is it that has caused the problems in the world? We're a dysfunctional family! It seems (p. 230 ff) *every* culture is an extended family and "our civilization must be considered in some basic way dysfunctional. . . . we consume the earth and its resources as a way to distract ourselves from the pain . . ." But we don't have the only dysfunctional society—Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, the Stalinist Soviet Union, and Maoist China also qualify (p. 232).

Have you got an appetite for destruction? Turn to p. 177. "Now warnings of a different sort signal an environmental holocaust without precedent . . . Today the evidence of an ecological *Kristallnacht* is as clear as the sound of glass shattering in Berlin."

The brutal misogyny of technology appears on p. 213. We have emphasized those technologies "historically associated more with males than females . . . [and] ways to dominate nature receive more attention than ways to work with nature." In fact, "part of the solution for the environmental crisis may well lie in our ability to achieve a better balance between the sexes, leavening the dominant male perspective with a healthier respect for female ways of experiencing the world."

And that should lead as well to a new respect for our society's children. "One of the most horrifying examples of our degraded appreciation of the individual is a new category among the homeless called throwaway children, . . . thrown out of their homes because they have become too difficult to handle . . . And every so often we read about a newborn baby literally thrown into a . . . trash compactor" (p. 161). Gore's emotion is palpable. "Throwaway children: nothing could better illustrate my strong belief that the worst of all forms of pollution is wasted lives." Gore is a co-sponsor of the Freedom of Choice Act.

Finally, there is policy, especially taxes (although, there is no listing in the index for "taxes"). A CO_2 tax and a virgin materials tax pop up on p. 349. And a higher tax on fossil fuels is one of the "logical first steps" discussed on p. 173. Or just flip to practically any page in the chapter "A Global Marshall Plan," estimated at $100 billion of spending—with taxation to match. P. 320 is a gold mine. Gore wants: "Tax incentives for the new technologies and disincentives for the old. Research and development funding for new technologies and prospective bans on the old ones. . . . The promise of large profits in a market certain to emerge as older technologies are phased out."

Now have you had enough of the Gorey details? —DANIELLE ALLEN

Miss Allen is NR's *editorial assistant.*

Nuclear Freeze campaign, which called for a moratorium on the testing and eventual deployment of nuclear weapons in Western Europe to counter the Soviet buildup. He consistently voted against President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative, against the development of an anti-satellite capability to counter Soviet A-SAT efforts, and for cuts in the defense budget.

Gore's record on abortion is mixed. When he was in the House he consistently voted against federal funding of abortions, and in 1984 he even voted for an amendment defining a "person" under the Age Discrimination Act to include "unborn children from the moment of conception." After he became a senator, though, his position shifted; he wound up voting several times to permit the funding of abortions with government revenues in the District of Columbia.

Finally, despite running as the candidate of "change," Gore last year voted against a motion that would have required Congress to abide by the same labor and civil-rights laws as it imposes on the private sector. And even an ecological saint sins. He voted for building the Clinch River Breeder Reactor and the Tellico Dam, both of which were anathema to environmentalists. These pork-barrel projects were located in Tennessee.

Senator Doom

ON THE BASIS of the foregoing, one would conclude that Gore is a pretty conventional Democratic liberal, and so he is on most issues. But when it comes to the environment, Senator Albert Gore is an out-and-out radical. At the heart of his world view is an apocalyptic vision of an Earth teetering on the brink of destruction.

Gore has outlined his views in his best-selling book *Earth in the Balance: Ecology and the Human Spirit* (see p. 42), which his running-mate has called "magnificent." Clinton declared that Gore "has asked me to join in his commitment to preserve not only the environment of America, but to preserve the environment of our globe for future generations. And together we will finally give the United States a real environmental Presidency." If so, Americans have much to fear.

H. L. Mencken once wrote, "The whole aim of practical politics is to keep the populace alarmed (and hence clamorous to be led to safety) by menacing it with an endless series of hobgoblins, all of them imaginary." Biotechnology became Gore's first hobgoblin. Biotechnology allows scientists to move genes from one organism to another in order to make new life-saving medicines, hardier crops, and more nutritious foods. National Institutes of Health Director Bernadine Healy believes that the industry will become more important to the U.S. economy than the automobile industry was. In the late 1970s, as a member of the House Science Committee, Gore joined Senator Ted Kennedy in proposing a National Biohazards Commission modeled on the Nuclear Regulatory Commission to regulate the biotech industry. This onerous regulatory scheme was avoided only when molecular biologists proved that micro-organisms constantly promote the exchange of genes between organisms—a kind of natural bioengineering. Had Gore's early regulatory proposals been enacted the infant biotech industry might well have been murdered in its crib.

Gore's next environmental cause was hazardous wastes, which he called "the most significant environmental health problem of the decade." Gore's concern was prompted by the commotion over the Love Canal. Love Canal was a neighborhood built on

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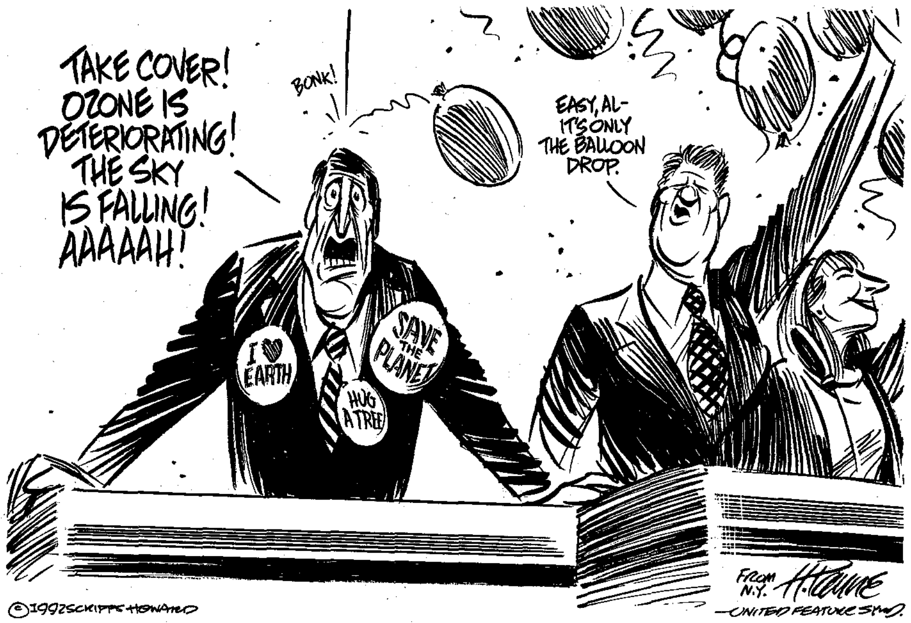
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BONK!
EASY, AL- IT'S ONLY THE BALLOON DROP.
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and around the site of a old chemical-waste dump. Panicked by reports of chemical contamination, the Federal Government evacuated 3,500 residents in the early 1980s. Since then the New York State Department of Health has found absolutely no evidence that the health of any resident was harmed by hazardous chemicals. In fact, the government is now selling some of the houses to new residents.

But before the facts were known, Love Canal had prompted Al Gore to sponsor the Superfund law, which may well cost the country hundreds of billions of dollars without measurably improving anyone's health or safety. This law requires the EPA to identify hazardous-waste sites and then to oversee their cleanup at nearly any cost. Under Superfund, any company or municipality that might have dumped some garbage—even negligible amounts—in a site is potentially liable for the whole cost of the cleanup of the site. A deluge of litigation has resulted as financially strapped companies and cities try to blame each other for the problems at any given Superfund site; a recent Rand Corporation study showed that about 80 per cent of the money spent on Superfund has gone to pay lawyers' fees. While the EPA has identified some 1,200 "hazardous waste" sites scattered across the country, only 109 have been cleaned up, at a cost of more than $15 billion. Nevertheless, Gore doggedly insists, "I think that the basic design of [Superfund] was sound."

In the 1980s, Gore found new and even scarier hobgoblins. He believes that the world is running out of food and non-renewable resources; that topsoil erosion is destroying America's farms; that an "ozone hole" threatens all life on earth; that carbon dioxide in the earth's atmosphere will inevitably lead to increases in surface temperatures. For Gore, all of these problems are manifestations of one great global ecological crisis—a crisis so grave that we must now "change the very foundation of our civilization." In his acceptance speech at the Democratic Convention, Gore declared that "the task of saving the Earth's environment must and will become the central organizing principle of the post-cold-war world."

Consider the "ozone hole." In February, NASA hyped reports that such a hole might open over the Northern hemisphere in the spring, allowing in damaging levels of ultraviolet rays. NASA's ozone scare was showcased on the front cover of *Time*, and Gore thundered on the Senate floor: "We have to tell our children that they must redefine their relationship to the sky, and they must begin to think of the sky as a threatening part of their environment." Gore demanded that the chemicals implicated in ozone destruction be phased out earlier than scheduled; his resolution passed the Senate 96 to 0. Stung by the vote, President Bush rushed the ban of the refrigerants known as chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) forward from the year 2000 to the end of 1995. Then in May, NASA admitted that no ozone hole had in fact opened over the Northern hemisphere. *Time* buried the admission in two lines in another story. And Gore was on to the next crisis.

Gore also firmly believes that the world is running out of non-renewable resources and food. The fact is that never before have mineral resources been so plentiful and so cheap. Since 1970, the average price of all metals and minerals has fallen by 40 per cent, even according to the leftish World Resources Institute. Proven reserves of oil, gas, and nearly every mineral increase each year. Food is also more plentiful and cheaper than ever before—the real prices of corn, wheat, and rice have fallen by more than half since 1950, even as the world's population doubled. As to topsoil erosion, at current rates of erosion and with no technological progress, it would be a century before American farmers' productivity would be reduced as much as 2 per cent.

No Time to Think

CENTRAL to Gore's catastrophist world view is global warming—"the most serious crisis we have ever faced." The theory behind global warming is that carbon-dioxide gas released by the burning of coal and oil will trap heat from the sun, causing the earth's atmosphere to warm up by an average of 9° F. by the end of the next century. And this crisis is allegedly so serious that we don't have time to think about it: we must act *now*. But as Lucian demonstrates (p. 45) Gore's figures are at least three times too alarmist.

Gore has lent credibility to infamous doomsters such as Jeremy Rifkin, Paul Ehrlich, the Worldwatch Institute's Lester Brown, and climatologist Stephen Schneider by showcasing their testimony in congressional hearings. He ignores the views of, e.g., economist Julian Simon, food and agriculture expert Dennis Avery, and MIT climatologist Richard Lindzen. In fact, Gore wants to shut off debate over whether we actually face an ecological apocalypse. He flatly asserted in *Time* magazine's "Planet of the Year" issue (Jan. 2, 1989): "That we face an ecological crisis without any precedent in historical terms is no longer a matter of any dispute worthy of recognition." He claims that global-warming skeptics are "hurting our ability to respond," and declares that press attention to the skeptics "undermines the effort to build a solid base of public support for the difficult actions we must take soon."

Gore also implies that 98 per cent of atmospheric scientists believe we face an impending climate catastrophe. However, a recent Gallup poll found that of those scientists actively involved in global climate research, 53 per cent do not believe that global warming has occurred and 30 per cent say they don't know, leaving only 17 per cent who believe global warming has begun. Even a recent Greenpeace poll found that 47 per cent of climatologists don't believe we face the risk of a runaway greenhouse effect, while 36 per cent said a runaway greenhouse effect was "possible" and only 13 per cent thought it was "probable." Not exactly a solid scientific consensus for catastrophe.

To confront global warming, Gore proposes a "Global Marshall Plan" that would radically transform the world's economy. He would establish a United Nations "Stewardship Council" modeled on the UN Security Council to oversee international ecological agreements. Since carbon dioxide emitted by burning fossil fuels is the main culprit in global warming, Gore calls for a carbon tax in the United States. He also favors international "carbon emission credits," which would limit the amount of carbon diox-

Al Gore, Arithmetician

EVEN within the bounds of environmental science, there are a few numbers that are neither uncertain nor controversial: numbers arrived at by reproducible and accurate measurement. One such is the carbon-dioxide content of the atmosphere and how the analyzed value has actually grown from year to year. In *Earth in the Balance*, Al Gore presents this information, then ignores it.

On page 95, he presents a graph, based on air trapped in ancient ice, which demonstrates that atmospheric CO_2 concentration has varied directly with global temperature for the past 160,000 years. So far, so good, though the graph cannot tell us whether changes in CO_2 levels cause temperature changes, or the reverse. But as Gore presents the graph, he adds a future projection to the historical facts: he has the line indicating CO_2 concentration suddenly go vertical in 2032, shooting up to the top of the page. The caption explains: "In this century, human activities are adding so much CO_2 to the atmosphere that the level of concentration is expected to reach 600 ppm [parts per million] in less than 40 years. At the beginning of 1992, the level was already 355 ppm. The facts portrayed here are not in dispute; their implications are. If temperature and CO_2 have moved in tandem for as far back as we can measure, does that mean that the dramatic changes in CO_2 now under way (represented by the line moving up the right-hand side of the graph) will lead to rapid changes in temperature on the warm side of a magnitude that on the cold side produced the ice ages?"

In fact, the "fact" of a 600 ppm CO_2 concentration in 2032—a crisis that many would live to see and the prospect of which should horrify us all into voting for Gore—is not only "not in dispute"; it is utterly unsupportable. To get from 355 to 600 ppm in forty years, CO_2 would have to grow at an average rate of over 6 ppm per year over that period. The present rate, based on data (gathered at the Mauna Loa Observatory) shown earlier in the book, is about 1.8 ppm per year today, up from just under 1 ppm a generation ago. For an average growth rate of 6 ppm, beginning with today's 1.8, the rate in 2032 would have to shoot past 10 ppm. Such exponential growth simply cannot be credibly projected from the Mauna Loa data, the most accurate we have. A projection bounded by realistic projections of fuel use points toward at least a century before CO_2 could reach 600 ppm; we have more like five generations of grace to curb CO_2 emissions. Indeed, in the latest worst-case scenario from the Stockholm Environment Institute (a group that includes Paul Ehrlich and other enviro-hysterics), CO_2 emissions only double by 2032.

The growth in atmospheric CO_2 concentration is dependent on the growth of populations, industries, and endeavors which are themselves dependent on the use of fossil and biomass fuels. (The effects of deforestation are minuscule compared to the fossil-fuel effect.) For his prediction to come true, world fossil-fuel consumption would need to increase *five- to six-fold* over the next four decades. World GNP would need to more than quadruple—and another trend of the last generation, declining CO_2 production per dollar of GNP (a result of technological progress), would have to stop. Gore's "science" ignores all past and present progress in energy efficiency, nuclear safety, and renewable-energy research. Given his evangelism for fiber optics and NASA's Mission to Earth, it is hard to understand his neo-Victorian vision of a twenty-first century whose fastest-growing industry is mining coal to raise steam to produce electricity to make steel for cars that (gasoline being long gone) presumably burn whale oil in their diesels.

Even that dystopic scenario will not come to pass in the world according to Gore—all life on earth will be extinct first. His most magisterial display of scientific illiteracy is reserved for his graph of the accelerating rate of species extinction on page 24. (His source is the *sui generis* environmentalist Tom Lovejoy.) Interestingly, the senator, a Harvard political-science graduate, cannot even read his own graph properly: his text notes that species "are now vanishing around the world *one thousand times faster* than at any time in the past 65 million years," though his graph shows species loss of one per year through 1800 and 10,000 in 1992. More importantly, we can extrapolate his hyperbolic curve. Since his vertical axis is logarithmic, it is plain that Gore's world will lose some million species a year by 2020 or so, and earth's five million or so species will all be gone well before 2032. It's a great day for Keynes and Fukuyama: in the short run, we are all extinct, and so is history.

—LUCIAN

Lucian is a policy analyst at a politically correct university.

ide each country would be permitted to emit. Implementing these proposals would not be cheap. A U.S. Department of Energy study concluded that achieving the relatively modest goal of capping CO_2 emissions at 20 per cent of 1990 levels would require a $500-per-ton carbon tax. Such measures would cost $95 billion per year and reduce U.S. economic growth rates by 1.4 per cent.

Gore says that "modified free markets" are the wave of the future and argues that "free men and women who take individual responsibility for a particular part of the earth are, by and large, its most effective protectors, defenders, and stewards." However, his ritual praise of free markets and private property rings hollow. Under the rubric "Strategic Environment Initiative," Gore presses for a full-blown industrial policy to encourage the development of "environmentally friendly" technologies. To accomplish this, Gore proposes "the establishment of rigorous and sophisticated technology assessment procedures, paying close attention to all the costs and benefits—both monetary and ecological—" of new technologies. Gore would also interfere with free international trade by creating an agency to "assess a technology's ecological effect—" before allowing it to be exported, and by including ecological criteria in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT).

In June, Gore burnished his foreign-policy credentials by leading the official U.S. Senate delegation to the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, where he had to look on while (as he asserted in his acceptance speech) President Bush "embarrassed our nation when the whole world was asking for American leadership in confronting the environmental crisis." Gore bashed the Bush Administration for "gutting" the Global Climate Change Treaty by not committing to a specific timetable for cutting carbon-dioxide emissions. (It's bad enough that by signing the treaty, the U.S. officially accepted the notion that "global warming" is a real problem.) Despite his expressed devotion to protecting intellectual property rights, Gore wanted the U.S. to sign the seriously flawed Biodiversity Treaty, which would have crippled our budding biotechnology industry by compromising patent protection. Companies could have been required to license their technology to developing countries without compensation and to pay extortionate sums to Third World nations for access to their wild plants and animals as sources for genes to be used to bioengineer new medicines and crops.

During a press conference shortly after President Bush's speech at the Earth Summit, Gore earnestly and repeatedly said that the world needed and was awaiting U.S. leadership. Every time Gore mentioned the world's yearning for American leadership, the representatives of the Third World in the room would audibly groan or mutter angrily under their breaths. Earnest Al just didn't get it—they don't want U.S. leadership, they want U.S. dollars.

Al Gore once told *Vanity Fair*, "I honestly and sincerely believe that I know exactly what needs to be done. And I am impatient to do it." Let's hope the voters won't give this sincere radical a chance to do it. And let's hope they remember whose judgment put him on the ticket. □

Serbia's War

OUT OF THE RUBBLE

As Serb morale falls, quick Western action could bring an end to the slaughter. Why don't we help?

MAX PRIMORAC

MOSTAR—Stari Most, the picturesque old bridge built by the Turkish Ottomans centuries ago, is all that now stands in this medieval Hercegovin city a hundred miles southwest of Sarajevo. Last April, this polyglot republic of Serbs, Muslims, and Croats declared its independence from a federal Yugoslavia already truncated by the departures of Slovenia and Croatia. The penalty has been high, as Serbia, the largest republic and a bastion of new-world-order bolshevism, unleashed the fury of the Yugoslav Army against unarmed civilians in an effort to create an atavistic "Greater Serbia."

In a suburb of Mostar, a mass grave was unearthed after Serbian ground forces were repelled. "I cannot believe that the world is just watching what is happening to us," says Robert Pehar, in charge of documenting the atrocities. "How much more of this is needed before the world will finally act?"

From safe distances, the Yugoslav Army had taken up mountain positions around Mostar. Armed with artillery batteries, howitzers, and rocket launchers, and with support from the federal air force, they rained volleys of fire on the unprotected town for two uninterrupted months, reducing the provincial capital to rubble. Few structures have escaped damage. The old section of town, once neatly tucked along the banks of the rushing Neretva River, is gutted. The Turkish-style copperworks shops and cafés serving high-octane Turkish coffee to fez-bedecked Muslims are gone. The muezzin's calls for prayer and the bells of Catholic chapels are silent. A city of 150,000 has died.

World attention has focused primarily on Sarajevo and its 350,000 besieged people. But the pattern is followed throughout the republic, where Serbs are deliberately terrorizing non-Serbian populations and inflicting more damage than was done in World War II. Serbia's policy of "ethnic cleansing" aims at wholesale population transfers out of areas it claims—stretching across Bosnia–Hercegovina and most of the touristically lucrative Croatian coastline. This Nazi-like campaign includes death camps, summary executions, and the creation of millions of refugees.

Mr. Primorac, who is based in Washington, D.C., writes frequently on international events.

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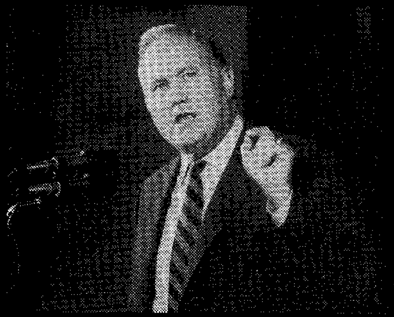

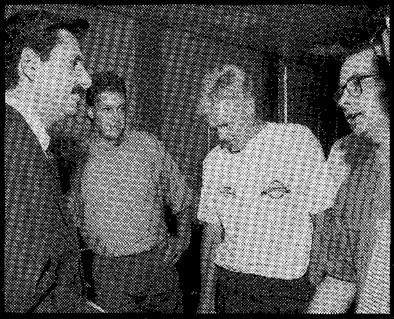

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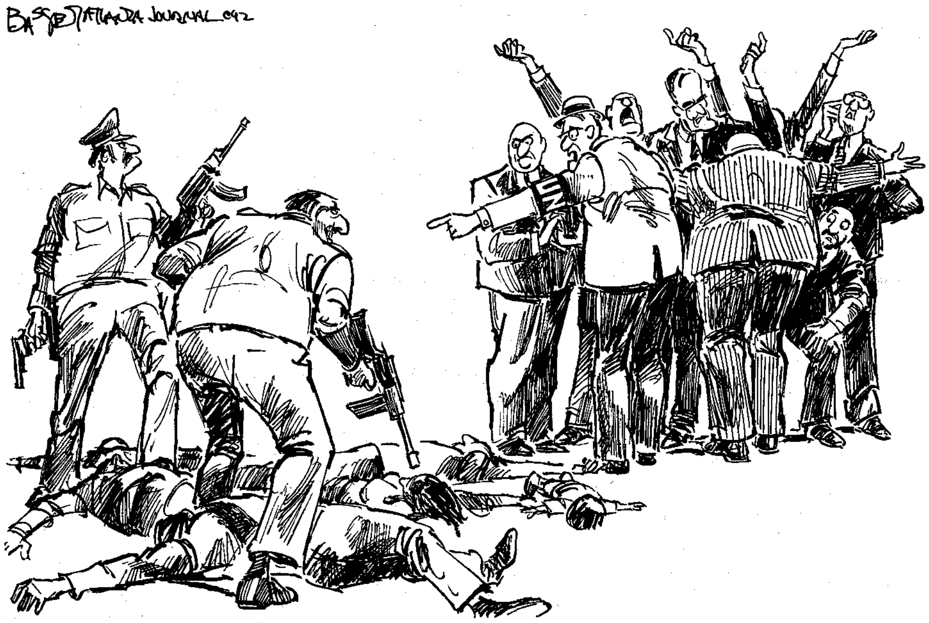

"As soon as we think of what to do, you Serbs will be in deep trouble!"

During halts in the bombing, white United Nations and Red Cross vehicles rush into Mostar to bring food and medicine and then rush back out to escape the next bombing frenzy—in effect, fattening the lamb for the sacrifice. The international community sits back and watches the rape and murder of a nation, while piously proclaiming its commitment to "humanitarian" aid.

Last March in a television news interview, then–Under Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger laid out Western policy when he casually stated that we should "let them exhaust themselves." Since Serbia had all the guns—and an arms embargo stopped the Bosnians from acquiring any—this, in effect, meant a one-sided slaughter.

At every turn, a different explanation is offered to justify inaction. Defense Secretary Richard Cheney states he is unclear who is the enemy. President Bush refers to the conflict as a "hiccup," "skirmish," "quagmire," "tribalism," etc. National Security Advisor Brent Scowcroft has called the conflict "a civil war"—surprising, considering that the U.S. has recognized Bosnia–Hercegovina as an independent country and has accused Serbia of aggression against it. But anything to delay action until Serbia finishes the job and the question of Western action becomes moot.

But as international disgust rises over the horrors of Serbian-run death camps, pressure for military strikes against Serbia is forcing a shift in the diplomatic doublespeak. Now it's the militaries' turn to join the great spectacle. The U.S. military, which scored one of the most one-sided victories in military history against one of the world's largest armies only two years ago, now shudders at the prospect of engaging Serbian forces which bomb poorly armed civilians from a safe distance. Military "experts" portray the war as a Lebanon, Vietnam, and Northern Ireland wrapped up in one; what better way to blunt public pressure for intervention?

Give Us the Tools . . .

HOWEVER, a cursory review of Serbian forces and tactics—fixed heavy military positions vulnerable to air attacks, subpar air and naval power, and clearly identifiable lines of supply and communications—reveals the feasibility of a military air strike. Yet, it is averred that such a strike would have to be followed by the invasion of hundreds of thousands of ground forces highly vulnerable to attack—true, if the mission is "to keep peace." But this is the wrong mission. The goal, instead, should be what it was in the Gulf—to repel the aggressor.

Croatian and Bosnian officials argue that sending NATO ground forces is not necessary. "Just remove the arms embargo and we'll do the fighting," says Zelko, commander of an artillery position. "All we ask is that NATO hit Serbian artillery positions, gas and weapons depots, and airfields. Then you will see the Serbs run."

In fact, as the international community sits on its collective behind, ragtag Croatian forces in western Hercegovina are pushing back Serbian forces. They now control nearly one-third of the republic. Croatian military leaders here are gaining confidence that the correlation of forces is turning against Serbia.

"Every day we grow stronger and they grow weaker, because [the Serbians] have overconcentrated their forces around Sarajevo," says Slavko, the commander for military operations of southeast Hercegovina, a lawyer and graduate of the Swedish military academy.

Even the Bosnian Muslims are beginning to recapture lost territories. "Why do you think Sarajevo has yet to fall?" asks Faris Nanic, a close aide to Bosnian President Alija Izetbegovic. "Serbian ground forces never can and never will take the capital. They have tried hundreds of times to break through our defense lines, but their soldiers try only halfheartedly. You must understand that you fight harder when it is your city and the lives of your family at stake."

Anecdotal evidence is mounting that Serbian soldiers are suffering from low morale. Though figures are kept secret, Serbian casualties are estimated to be very high. Atop a mountain peak thirty miles southeast of Mostar, Croatian forces have positioned newly acquired howitzers and anti-aircraft guns. Soldiers tell of intercepted messages in which Serbian officers falsely report Croatian offensives back to general headquarters to justify a retreat from the front. During a recent prisoner exchange, half of the released Serbian prisoners refused to return to Serbia for fear of being sent back to the front.

I am sitting now at the Cactus Hotel eating peasant cheese and freshly baked bread. The hotel windows are taped in case of another bombing raid. Many windows are already shattered. The neighboring house lies in ruins. This American is greeted with passionate explanations, one after another, of why the West should rescue Bosnia–Hercegovina. These are not politicians, just local folk. There is no hint of animosity, just the pained look of those who feel betrayed. ☐

Why Can't Johnny Read?

THAT'S RIGHT—THEY'RE WRONG

Nothing can be done with our schools until the basic problem is solved—and no one even sees what it is.

REGNA LEE WOOD

CHESTER FINN of the Educational Excellence Network is wrong. Michael Levin, controversial professor at the City College of New York is wrong. John Chubb, scholar at the Brookings Institution, is wrong. Former Yale University President Benno Schmidt and Christopher Whittle, partners in the Edison Project to build a thousand "innovative" private schools, are wrong. Past and present U.S. Secretaries of Education William Bennett and Lamar Alexander are wrong. So were Presidents Eisenhower, Johnson, Carter, and Reagan. And so are President Bush, Congress, fifty governors, and virtually everyone in the media. They all were and are tragically wrong.

The primary reason the U.S. has the poorest schooling in all the developed countries is not, as Mr. Finn says, the lack of "world class standard" achievement tests. It is not, as Mr. Levin says, "the staggering energy expended to bring American Negroes into the educational mainstream." It is not, as Mr. Chubb says, the lack of "vouchers for free choice." It is not bureaucratic bungling or the high cost of federally mandated programs such as racial busing, free lunches, Head Start, and Even Start. It is not the lack of homework. Nor is it crowded classrooms, low expectations, easy curricula, working mothers, missing fathers, TV, automatic promotions, the NEA's leftist agenda, poor discipline, too much testing, too little testing, drugs, or godless textbooks.

The major source of America's catastrophic educational predicament cannot be our inability to cope with any of these mostly social and governmental afflictions. *For the level of U.S. educational achievement fell long before any of these problems appeared.*

It started to sink 25 years before anyone but NAACP attorneys had expended any energy bringing blacks into the "educational mainstream." It sank 28 years before Congress, scared by the launching of Russia's *Sputnik*, passed the first inclusive education appropriations bill. It sank 35 years before court-ordered busing, 21 years before the first 4 million "baby boom" first-graders crowded into classrooms built for 3 million, and 25 years before most American families owned TVs.

For five decades business and political leaders, who notice the slightest change in interest rates, sales figures, or voting trends, have watched the ratings for U.S. school performance drop from excellent to good to fair to poor to pathetic to abysmal with little indication—before the 1980s—that they saw anything alarming. They watched, without even noticing, the incredible multiplication of illiterate schoolchildren—who were growing into illiterate teens, who were growing into 40 million illiterate or barely literate citizens.

How Could It Happen?

SUCH blindness is almost impossible to understand. But with hindsight we can see some of the reasons.

—Most of the 12 million World War

Mrs. Wood's teaching career began shortly after World War II.

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II veterans and their wives were too busy moving from wartime to peacetime to Korean War–time and back to peacetime in less than eight years to notice that many of their children (almost 40 out of 100) were not learning to read in the first three grades.

—From 1951 to 1975, administrators and teachers blamed big classes crowded with baby-boomers for the extraordinary number of failures.

—Long busing routes for "racial balance" that shrank class periods and stretched distances between parents and teachers are still cited as major reasons.

—School critics often focus on the least important considerations. In 1982 a ratio of 39 students to 1 computer was regarded by a *Newsweek* writer as strong evidence that those who budgeted school dollars were grossly incompetent. Yet seven years later, when National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP) reports revealed that 2 out of 3 17-year-olds could not read well enough to do high-school work in any subject—with or without a computer—the critics were bewilderingly silent.

—For a half-century two sets of statistics used by professionals and the media to measure educational achievement—literacy rates and reading grade levels—have confused most Americans. They are not what most people think they are.

"Official" literacy rates, published after the Census every ten years, have been as fictional as Little Red Riding Hood ever since 1940. Through 1930, Census takers counted *readers*—by

Whittling at the Wall

AT FIRST glance, Chris Whittle seems an unlikely entrant to the education business. He's a yuppie, an entrepreneurial overachiever. He doesn't blush at the prospect of making a lot of money. Education, on the other hand, is usually thought of as a labor of love.

But Whittle, like most Americans, realizes the nation's public schools aren't doing the job. Additional money that goes into them is inversely proportional to the success of their students. For Whittle, today's public schools are the equivalent of East Berlin: "If you want institutions to change, you've got to have a West Berlin that gives them a place to go." Whittle's plan: to open a nationwide franchise of 200 schools by 1996.

All that currently exists of Whittle's venture is a general philosophy, incorporated into its name, the Edison Project: "You can't make a light bulb out of a candle," says the 44-year-old Whittle. "The power sources are different." And, he likes to add, "light bulbs are cheaper." His venture is not about reform, he explains. It's a whole new way of educating America.

He is now spending some $60 million to get his idea into the blueprint stage. He has hired seven core thinkers: John Chubb of the Brookings Institution; Lee Eisenberg, former editor-in-chief of *Esquire* (which Whittle used to own); Chester Finn, who served under William Bennett at the Education Department; Nancy Hechinger, an imaginative video producer; Sylvia Peters, an inner-city Chicago principal who transformed a bureaucratic nightmare into a working school; Daniel Biederman, president of the Grand Central and 34th Street Partnerships in New York, which cleans public lands with private money; and Dominique Browning, former assistant managing editor at *Newsweek*. Clearly an assemblage that is far outside the education establishment.

Then there's Benno Schmidt, CEO and president of the venture, who resigned as president of Yale this spring, frustrated at an opposition faculty and student body, and discouraged at the growing bands of multiculturalists.

This brain trust meets fairly regularly, tossing around ideas, hoping a plan will eventually materialize. There's disagreement, but happy disagreement, says Chester Finn. The group is currently in free thought—no constraints, no limitations on their ideas. Finn hypothesizes that "we may throw the whole education process out the window." Teaching "may not be broken down into subjects, and the schools may not be split up into classrooms. . . . But we just don't know."

The schools may open for 12-hour days, with pupils and teachers coming in shifts. Summer is not necessarily vacation time. The schools may include children as young as a year old. *Time* and *Newsweek*, Whittle says, may be required reading. And it's almost certain that computers and video will play a major role. For instance, when challenged with the prospect that he'll have to have 100 to 1 student-to-teacher ratios in order to cut costs, Whittle says more like 10,000 to 1—or 100,000 to 1—by using electronically the "country's best lecturers." Another possibility is to have students clean toilets and hallways—you know, it builds discipline, instills pride . . . saves money. Not your standard Thomas Jefferson High School.

Benno Schmidt's main task is to raise $2 to $3 billion to get the schools built and running. Schmidt's strong suit as Yale president was his fund-raising ability: the endowment grew from $1.7 billion when he started in 1986 to $3 billion today. But it's one thing to raise $1 billion for one of the nation's most prestigious universities and quite another to do it for something that is just an idea of a man who has made his money not in education but in publishing magazines.

Whittle has already entered the education business, however—with Channel One, a 12-minute news program shown to students in participating schools. Much like MTV's news, Channel One deals with the day's burning issues—such as how to stop environmental destruction of the world—and does so with slick charts and graphics. News stories are broken up with ads. That's where Whittle makes the money—about $100 million in ad revenue a year.

But parents complain they have a hard enough time keeping kids away from the TV and in front of the books *after* school. Now what will happen, when kids are in front of the tube *during* school? In certain school districts, protests are forcing administrators to pull the show. On top of

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Mr. Morris is NR's *Executive Editor.*

giving reading tests if necessary. But starting in 1940 Census no longer counted readers. Instead, it counted as literate adults with a certain number of years of school attendance.

Correctly interpreted, then, the official 1980 and 1990 literacy rates of 95 per cent and 95.5 per cent indicate that 95 to 96 out of 100 U.S. residents *have attended American schools for at least five years.* This may be valuable information, but it has little to do with literacy. Schooling for *any* length of time no longer equals literacy.

In 1930, only 3 million Americans couldn't read. Most of the 1 million white illiterates and the 2 million black illiterates were people over age fifty *who had never been to school.* By 1990, 30 to 35 million U.S. citizens could not read. Most are people under fifty *who have been to school for at least eight years.* True U.S. literacy figures for adults over 25 have dropped from a 1950 high of 98 per cent to a 1990 low of 81 to 83 per cent. Seventy nations have higher literacy percentages

Reading grade levels (RGLs) have been similarly disguised. Since World War II they haven't equaled skills that students *must* have to read lessons in particular grades. Instead, reading grade levels have equaled skills that students in each grade *do* have—as demonstrated by average scores on standardized reading tests. And the difference in reading skills that students *must* have and those they *do* have is like the difference between Mark Twain's "lightning" and "lightning bug." It's a big one.

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that, a study of students who watched Channel One revealed recently that it had had little success in informing kids about current events. Whittle Communications doesn't dispute the study.

The Edison Project, however, is much more ambitious—and the people Whittle has brought in to run it are motivated to create an enduring system of education and not simply a money-making enterprise. The project is getting rave reviews. Hamilton Jordan has nothing but praise for the brain child, which is why he signed on to help with public relations (with a brief leave of absence to run the ill-fated Perot campaign).

"I'm in his corner," says Peter Flanigan, who spearheaded a project in New York to get individuals to sponsor poor inner-city youths at Catholic schools.

But Edison's most promising reviews are from the American Federation of Teachers and the National Education Association, both of which are severely critical. Their main complaint is that the idea of a school is not to make a profit. In addition, they say, Chris Whittle doesn't understand the problems of educating a diverse and multilingual student body. But of course their main worry is that Whittle will succeed in building a West Berlin.

One obvious question is: Why should a parent enroll his kids at Whittle Elementary and not (depending on his circumstances) Cardinal Hayes in Harlem or some posh prep school in New England? Inner-city parents who want to get their children out of the God-forsaken public schools and into a private school with a proven track record have a hard enough time scraping together the $2,500 tuition at Catholic schools, much less the $5,000 for Whittle. And those who can afford to pay Whittle's tuition can find the extra two grand for the prestigious private schools.

What Whittle likes to say is that "we are constantly thinking about how other people can replicate what we're doing. . . . We're not trying to create an elitist $7,000-a-student system that will draw away the more affluent students from public schools. Current public-school spending per student averages about $5,500. We want to come in at $4,995." Some 20 per cent of the students will be on scholarship, he hopes. "We want to provide a better education at a lower cost. We want to be copied."

Let's hope the brain trust at Whittle headquarters in Knoxville, Tennessee, has plans to copy other models in making its own. The group's own Sylvia Peters did wonders with a Chicago school, mostly through motivation and discipline. There are dozens of examples nationwide like hers. New York's Catholic high schools report a 95 per cent on-time graduation rate. And some 80 per cent go on to college. Meanwhile, the public schools send about 50 per cent on to college. And there's really no question as to what differentiates the two systems. New York's Catholic schools have about 35 administrators; resources go to books and teachers, not studies and chauffeurs. The city public-school system, on the other hand, has some 20,000 administrators. The other difference is high standards and high expectations. There's discipline and a willingness to talk about virtues and steer away from vices. Successful religious and secular schools encourage honesty and civility and family commitment. Whether Modern Man Whittle can, or is willing to, deal with such old-fashioned notions is not clear.

Many of his brain trust know the value of basics: reading, discipline, homework, and a moral framework. The educators in the project, particularly Chester Finn and John Chubb, were attracted to Edison because they have been researching and hypothesizing their entire careers. Now they can put their thoughts into practice.

Some have said that Whittle is relying on his friend Education Secretary Lamar Alexander to push through a voucher program, which would allow parents to take federal dollars and put them into whichever school they want their children to attend—public, Catholic, Whittle. Whittle claims "the voucher system is not at all critical" to his project. "I would never build a business plan on vouchers—though sometime around 2005, vouchers will be a reality."

It's not certain whether the Edison Project will ever become a reality. It has tremendous obstacles to mount both educationally and financially. It has good people on its side and an ambitious and competent leader in Benno Schmidt. Everything Whittle has touched in the past has turned to gold—but he has never tried to build a West Berlin before.

—GEOFFREY MORRIS

Twenty years of NAEP reading tests show that most 7th-graders today can't read 6th-grade lessons; most 8th-graders can't read 7th-grade lessons; and most 11th-graders can't read 9th-grade lessons written with *6th-grade* vocabularies. This is why the military services must teach reading to highly screened, volunteer recruits with average 11th-grade reading levels.

Where Did It Start?

BUT NOTHING explains how anyone who can count his toes, let alone any scholar studying educational achievement, can look at fifty years of scores on academic military or college entrance exams and fail to see when our serious school troubles began. For scores on American College Tests (ACTs), Scholastic Aptitude Tests (SATs), and Armed Forces Qualification Tests (AFQTs) are as accurate as they have been ever since college-bound seniors first started taking SATs in 1926.

So, someone should have noticed that there was trouble in more than River City long before the 1983 National Commission on Excellence in Education report. For the average SAT verbal scores fell 24 points—from 500 to 476—in the 11 years from 1941 to 1952, and AFQT scores indicated that illiteracy (defined by the War Department as inability to read 4th-grade lessons, or today's 5th-grade lessons) among millions of prospective recruits with at least four years of schooling soared from almost zero (0.004 per cent) during World War II to an unbelievable 17 per cent during the Korean War.

But apparently no one did notice. No one wondered why virtually all World War II recruits with any schooling could read, whereas 17 out of 100 Korean War recruits could not read. If anyone had investigated, the difference would have been obvious. Nearly all the 12 million young men who served in World War II had learned to read in phonics classes. Between a third and a half of those registered for service in the Korean War had received only "whole-word sight repetition" reading instruction.

The massive failure of our schools did not start in 1963 or 1952 or 1941. It started just when Rudolph Flesch said it started in his 1955 best-seller, *Why Johnny Can't Read.* It began in 1929 and 1930 when hundreds of primary teachers, guided by college reading professors, stopped teaching beginners to read by matching sounds with letters that spell sounds, and started teaching them to recognize the 1,500 most commonly used words simply by seeing them printed over and over in the new "see and say" readers.

That switch from sounding words by syllable to sighting them by configuration is the reason that since 1950 about 50 million children with poor sight memories have reached the 4th grade still unable to read. And it is the reason that two-thirds of these 50 million have *never* learned to read.

It is also the reason 10 million of the nation's 40 million public-school students in all grades—25 per cent—are struggling with grade-school lessons in thousands of very small, very expensive special and remedial education classes. Struggling, even though 9 of the 10 million in these classes for the deprived or disabled have normal sight, hearing, and intelligence.

This transition from sounding syllables to sighting whole words must be the reason for such extraordinary numbers in these two compensatory programs. For schools in other countries with instructors who teach beginners to read by matching sounds and letters do not have more than 2 or 3 per cent of their students requiring special instruction in special classes, and nearly all of these have diagnosed mental or physical handicaps.

Teachers in other countries with alphabets have successfully used phonics for the last 3,500 years. The United States is the only country in the world with teachers who try to teach most of their students to read with sight repetition of whole words. And the United States is the only country with illiterate schoolchildren, and with illiterate adults who were once illiterate schoolchildren.

We must stop pinning our hopes for better schools on "free choice" systems for millions of parents and students who live in towns with one poor grade school, one poor middle school, and one poor high school. And for millions more who live in inner cities with fifty poor grade schools, twenty poor middle schools, and ten poor high schools. Chester Finn's "world class standard" achievement tests won't help students who can't read "world class standard" questions—much less answer them. More trips to the zoo and the ballet for pre-schoolers aren't the answer.

We need to give all children the only "head start" that matters—literacy by the age of seven. We did it before the introduction of "see and say." We can do it again. Then we can see what else needs to be done. Many of these new proposals might help.

But offering calculators and computers, more college loans, and longer school days and years to the 20 out of 40 million students who never learned to read well enough to understand junior-high-school lessons is a travesty. □

Crunching Numbers

ANATOMY OF A PHONY STORY

Which tax increase is larger—1982's or 1990's? That depends on whether you use math, or government math.

DANIEL J. MITCHELL

AS PART of Pat Buchanan's surprisingly strong campaign in New Hampshire, where he held the President to 53 per cent of the vote, one of his commercials criticized Mr. Bush for capitulating to the largest tax increase in history. CNN and NBC soon ran stories asserting that

Buchanan was wrong, assertions the Bush campaign incorporated into their own campaign commercials. Subsequently, the Associated Press also released a story denying that the 1990 budget deal included the largest tax increase in history, instead awarding that dubious honor to the so-called Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act of 1982 (TEFRA).

This episode starkly demonstrates that deception is alive and well in American politics. However, the source of the dishonesty is not Pat Buchanan; the 1990 budget summit did, as he said, impose the largest tax increase in history upon the American economy. The mistruths instead came from those two symbiotic entities, the mainstream press and the Washington establishment.

I confess to having more than a passing interest in this issue. When asked to justify its charge about Bush's record tax hike, the Buchanan campaign cited a Heritage Foundation publication that I had written. This led to calls to me from reporters with CNN, NBC, and AP, all of whom asked me to demonstrate that the 1990 budget deal imposed our largest-ever tax increase.

Every reporter who called was given the following information, every piece of which comes from government publications. According to the *Budget of the United States Government, FY1984* (part 4, page 4, the table entitled "Net Effect on Receipts of Enacted Legislation"), TEFRA boosted the tax burden by $17.3 billion in 1983. That is a very big tax increase—the largest in history prior to 1990.

How big an increase, by comparison, did the 1990 budget summit impose? According to the *Budget of the United States Government, FY1992* (part 3, page 3, table X-2, "Changes in Receipts"), the 1990 budget deal boosted 1991 tax receipts by $25.5 billion. That figure alone could end the debate. After all, $25.5 billion is more than $17.3 billion even in Washington.

I pointed out to the reporters, however, that it would be unfair to compare 1983 and 1991 tax collections without factoring out inflation. Might it not be possible that a $17.3-billion tax increase in 1983, adjusted for inflation, would be larger than a $25.5-billion tax increase in 1991?

Yes, it might be possible, but it is not the case. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the consumer price index (CPI) in 1983 was 99.6. By 1991, the CPI had climbed to 136.2, an increase of 36.7 per cent. Using this figure to adjust the 1983 tax increase to 1991 dollars, it comes to $23.7 billion. A $23.7-billion tax increase is very large. A $23.7-billion tax increase would doubtless slow the economy's expansion. (The 1981 Economic Recovery Tax Act reduced taxes nearly five times as much in 1983 as TEFRA raised them, so the economy still was experiencing a net tax cut.) A $23.7-billion tax increase would surely fuel government spending. A $23.7-billion tax increase is many things, but a $23.7-billion tax increase is not bigger than a $25.5-billion tax increase. Even using government math.

The Republicans on the House tax-writing committee, hardly a cabal of fire-breathing right-wingers, came to the same conclusion. On August 2, 1991, on page 28 of the Ways & Means Committee Report on the "Intermodal Surface Transportation Infrastructure Act of 1991" (better known as the Highway Bill), Republicans began their minority report as follows: "Last fall, in the context of the largest tax increase in the history of this country . . ."

The U.S. Chamber of Commerce, whose economists were virtually the only ones who accurately forecast the double-dip recession, also had better calculators than the news media and the Bush Administration. In testimony to the House Budget Committee on May 22, 1991, the Chamber's vice president and chief economist, Richard Rahn, remarked, "Congress passed and the Administration signed into law the largest tax increase in the history of the United States as part of the Omnibus Budget Reconciliation Act of 1990."

Beltway Arithmetic

THE EVIDENCE is clear and straightforward that George Bush's 1990 budget deal included the largest tax increase in history. So how did the press rationalize that Buchanan was lying? It actually was not that difficult; they simply found tax and budget analysts who were willing to apply illogical restrictions on how tax increases are measured. These budget analysts, all of whom worked for senators and representatives who did not exactly have reputations for fiscal conservatism, decided that the correct way to measure a tax increase is by how much it collects over three, five, or six years.

By that criterion, adjusting the figures for inflation, the 1982 tax increase raised more money over a multi-year period than the 1990 budget deal will. And if Buchanan had charged that Bush had imposed the largest three-, five-, or six-year tax increase in history, the press would be right to condemn him. But Buchanan simply charged Bush with imposing the largest tax increase in history.

Some might argue that tax increases *should* be measured over a multi-year period. After all, is that not how budget deals are packaged? Yes, but the reason is political, not economic. Calculating deficit reduction over five years will generate a very impressive number, for instance, the $500-billion figure used during debate on the 1990 budget deal. Politicians facing constituents angry about higher taxes feel more comfortable claiming that they reduced the deficit by $500 billion than by the $33 billion the agreement was supposed to produce the first year (the deficit actually *climbed* by $48.2 billion in 1991 and is expected to be nearly $700 billion higher over the five-year period, but who's counting?).

Furthermore, Buchanan's argument was that the tax increase was bad because it hurt the economy, a line of attack that was particularly effective in New Hampshire, which had seen its economy decline precipitously in 1991. Economists may quarrel over how much of an impact the tax increase had on New Hampshire's economy last year, but they all would agree that the increase in the tax burden in 1991 was what mattered that year, not how much the tax hike was projected to raise through 1995. From an economic perspective, Buchanan was using the right measurement.

But whatever Buchanan might have said, and whatever the reasons why the press felt compelled to make false charges against him, one thing is safe to say: The 1990 budget deal imposed the largest-ever tax increase in history on the United States economy. ☐

Mr. Mitchell is John M. Olin Distinguished Fellow in Political Economy at the Heritage Foundation.

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Future Shock

PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS

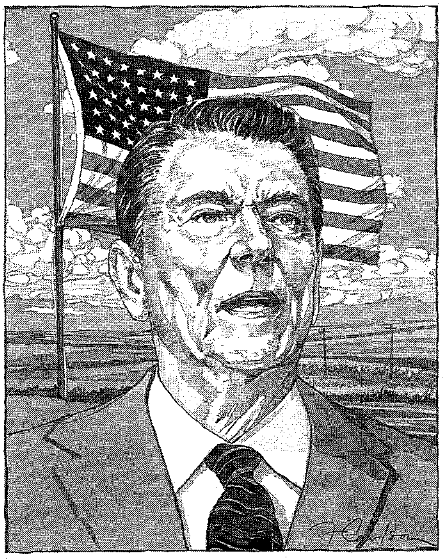
LIBERAL economists, who were bypassed by policy developments at home and abroad during the Reagan years, are fond of saying that the supply-side revolution was a fluke and the era is over. Robert L. Bartley, whose editorial perch at the *Wall Street Journal* provides a commanding perspective, disagrees. In *The Seven Fat Years: And How to Do It Again*, he destroys the critics of the Decade of Greed and stakes his claim to membership in the small band that remade economic policy in the 1980s.

As a device, Bartley uses the figure of a "Man from Mars" who compares the self-serving liberal tracts mocking Reaganomics to the facts. By the end of the 1970s, Keynesian demand management had crashed in flames. Worsening Phillips-curve tradeoffs between employment growth and inflation had mired the economy in stagflation and malaise. When Ronald Reagan took office, inflation and interest rates were at all-time highs, and no one other than Reagan and the supply-siders had any confidence in America's economic future. Reagan set in motion a 92-month entrepreneurial boom that added new output equal to the size of the West German economy, created 18 million new jobs, and raised real disposable income per capita by 18 per cent. Moreover, this record expansion was not paid for with higher inflation.

The Seven Fat Years: And How to Do It Again, by Robert L. Bartley (Free Press, 328 pp., $22.95)

In correcting the factual record of the 1980s, Bartley adds his voice to the already sizable chorus that has exposed the disinformation used to paint the Eighties black. Bartley realizes that the Eighties' reputation is in trouble not because of the facts, but because an open, entrepreneurial society is anathema to our self-appointed elites, who don't want their "white shoe" toes scuffed by brash upstarts whose success rearranges the distribution of perks and power.

We have seen it before, Bartley reminds us. In the 1920s, when the economy took off instead of collapsing as the Communists had predicted, half-baked intellectuals wrote books vilifying the leading figures of the day. One banker's son, Matthew Josephson, who spent the Twenties in Paris with the surrealists, returned to publish *The Robber Barons*, a false portrayal of the titans of American industry. Josephson supported the Communist presidential candidate in the 1932 election campaign though he never joined the Party himself, explaining, "I know I'm not virtuous enough."


Fred Carlson

In the 1980s the villains were junk-bond king Michael Milken and the Wall Street firm of Drexel Burnham. Josephson's role was played by Bartley's *Wall Street Journal* colleague James Stewart, whose *Den of Thieves* is based on prosecutorial leaks of disinformation designed to destroy Milken publicly and force him into a plea-bargain. Any prosecutor with a real 98-count indictment never would have stooped to such dirty tactics, as any real journalist should have known. For demonizing Milken as Josephson demonized the "robber barons," Bartley gives Stewart the back of his hand. Bartley observes ironically that "in his epilogue, in particular, Stewart's reportorial honesty waxes full." After vilifying both Milken and junk bonds, Stewart chooses his book's last few pages to admit that the prosecutions "call into question the wholesale criminalization of the securities laws," and that junk bonds are a legitimate financial instrument.

That puts Stewart in the same league as David A. Stockman, whose 1986 book, *The Triumph of Politics*, blamed the budget deficits on Reagan's tax cuts. After asserting that supply-siders had brought on disaster by making a "Laffer curve" forecast, Stockman tacks on an appendix, "The Fiscal Facts," which shows that the deficits resulted from the unanticipated collapse in inflation, which wiped $2.145 trillion off the 1982–86 GNP forecast.

In more clear-minded times than our own, authors could not get away with writing one thing in the text and another in an epilogue or appendix. But as Bartley shows, our elites are horrified by the prospect of too much change, and so, undeterred by the facts, have joined forces to close down the economy. As Bartley told *Insight* magazine last June, "Ever since the Sixties, my basic attitude has been that the people are okay, but the elites are sick."

When vengeful elites get their hands on policy, as they have in the post-Reagan era, there is hell to pay. Bartley's last chapters are humdingers: "The S&L Debacle," "Greed and Envy," "Victorian Finance," and "Turning Back?" Bartley is certainly no coward, and he skewers those who have wrecked our economy.

He shows how corrupt Democrats kept Reagan's S&L regulator, Ed Gray, from regulating—"yet the myth persists that the S&L debacle was

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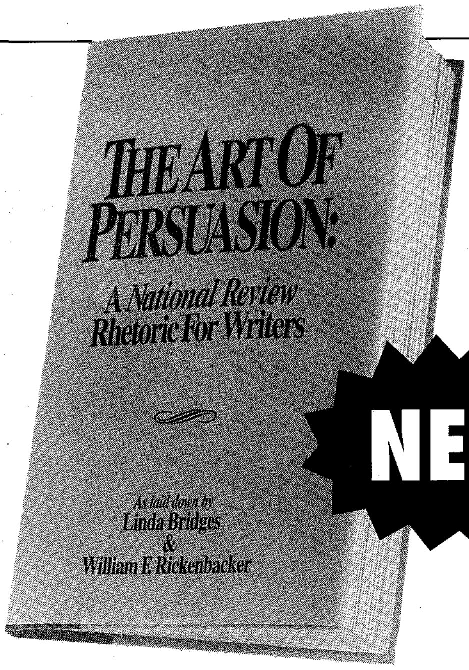
Mr. Roberts, a Treasury official in 1981–82, holds the William E. Simon Chair in Political Economy at the Center for Strategic and International Studies.

At Last, Your Guide To Writing With Clarity and Style



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—GEORGE F. WILL

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—JAMES J. KILPATRICK

At long last, a *real* guide to writing, from the very magazine that's renowned for its stylishness. Bursting with simple, sensible, concrete techniques to improved writing, **The Art of Persuasion**—"laid down" by *NR*'s own Linda Bridges and William F. Rickenbacker—is definitely something you'll want to have, for yourself and/or that kinsman, friend, student or business associate.

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solely and purely the fault of Ronald Reagan's deregulatory excesses." He uses the three Americans who jointly won the 1990 Nobel Prize in economics to devastate the "Victorian finance" and anti-leverage hysteria that locked entrepreneurs out of the economy. He quotes economist Lawrence J. White, who described that disastrous piece of thrift legislation—the Financial Institutions Reform, Recovery, and Enforcement Act of 1989—as "an act of anger" designed to punish S&Ls for embarrassing Congress with deposit-insurance failure. The White House architect of this ill-considered legislation, Richard Breeden, was rewarded with the chairmanship of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

If you don't think you want to shell out $23 plus tax for Bartley's book, just go stand in the bookstore long enough to read Chapter 16, "Victorian Finance," and you will buy the book.

Bartley believes that George Bush's 1990 budget decision to allow a tax hike was forced upon him by Saddam Hussein. The President, fearful of congressional opposition to war with Iraq, felt he could not afford to shut down the government with a Gramm–Rudman sequester and then engage in a mammoth budget fight with the Democrats. To rescue Kuwait, President Bush surrendered on taxes and the budget; he put the war before the economy. Bartley thinks this should have been a temporary tactic, not a permanent strategy. However, respectable elites from privileged backgrounds seized the opportunity to institutionalize an anti-entrepreneurial economic policy.

To break out of the economic doldrums, we will need "a disruptive buccaneer cut from the mold of William Simon or Donald Regan" or a "former professional quarterback" with his hands on the economic levers. "But," Bartley observes, "in the Bush Cabinet Jack Kemp was relegated to the Department of Housing and Urban Development." Which leaves the architect of the Reagan expansion exactly where the elites want him—safely on the bench. □

Cultural Identity Crisis

AARON WILDAVSKY

WILL the real conservatives and liberals please stand up? One can read reams of conservative rhetoric without ever hearing the H word, "hierarchy," without which classic conservative thought would be unrecognizable. Liberals meanwhile run from their egalitarian beliefs, protesting that no sane person believes everyone is or should be the same. What the liberals want is just ever-greater equality of condition, especially of political power. How then to explain the rise of movements devoted to diminishing differences between rich and poor, black and white, women and men, gay and straight, animals and people?

The End of Equality, by Mickey Kaus (Basic, 293 pp., $25)

In by far the best of contemporary books about the travail of contemporary American egalitarian liberalism, the best argued and the most illuminating, Mickey Kaus sets his fellow liberals straight: they do want "a good deal more equality than what we now have." "Welfare may not have been a sufficient condition for the growth of the underclass, but it's hard to see how contemporary liberals can deny that it was a necessary condition," Kaus tells us.

But in arguing that "liberals tell themselves they are for 'more equality' of income and wealth when . . . they're actually after social equality," Kaus underestimates the basic conflict in the Democratic Party between radical egalitarians, who want to diminish differences in resources across the board, and the party's remaining hierarchists, who see welfare programs as what the community owes to its less fortunate members. Unwilling to accept that everything is permissible or to reject standards of behavior—that is, moral hierarchy—Kaus seeks social integration on the basis of a shared work ethic. Knowing that all cannot be rewarded equally for unequal contributions, he seeks an equality of respect among social classes. Welcome, Mr. Kaus, to social conservatism, wetter perhaps than drier, but welcome nevertheless to community-enhancing, self-sacrificing, morally differentiating (dare I say it?) hierarchy.

Just as hierarchy is integral to conservatism, so it is the belief in equality of condition that distinguishes activist liberal Democrats from community-oriented, inclusively hierarchical people like Kaus. For radical egalitarians will refuse to legitimate the political system and hence to give Kaus' program managers the authority they require to do such things as mandate work for all who receive welfare payments and therapy for the homeless mentally ill and for drug and alcohol abusers.

In his learned and careful polemic, Kaus is weak on one point he makes central to his argument—the alleged recent growth in social snobbery. Once, Kaus claims, we Americans were socially more equal, in that we mixed in the parks and the streets and married our social inferiors. Now, he says, we don't. Mickey, it ain't so. The hidden hierarchies of the egalitarian imagination must be well hidden indeed, because this is the only part of his argument for which Kaus can present no real evidence. Books by other intellectuals, who imagine the same things about the American past and present that Kaus does, are evidence about those intellectuals but not about these United States.

In fact, it did not use to be "in" to be ethnic; now it is. A lot of name-changing took place earlier in this century in order to avoid discrimination; it doesn't now. Rates of intermarriage among religions and races and regions and social and economic classes, never very high, are much higher now than they were in earlier times. My point is not that mixing of social classes is the norm but that nostalgia for a past that never was is unwarranted.

Why, then, do intelligent observers like Mickey Kaus believe that social condescension is on the rise in America? Kaus clearly sees the fear of violent crime that keeps people apart. But he is not aware of how much our picture of what America is like is structured by egalitarian activists-cum-publicists, people who write and

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Mr. Wildavsky is Class of 1940 Professor of Political Science and Public Policy at UC Berkeley.

talk and transmit our common understanding of who and what we are. Because these activists are largely and disproportionately egalitarian (as Rothman and Lichter demonstrated in *Media Elites*), their standard of morality being greater equality of condition, American society falls far short of their ideal. Thus it is quite possible that America was far more stratified in the past; but that now—as social inequalities have diminished, while the ideal of equality of condition has been urged on us by movies, television, and the news media—actual inequalities of power stand out more painfully than they would once have done.

Kaus wishes America to be composed of people who, though they are of unequal accomplishment and income, respect each other because they share a common work ethic. Good for him. He hopes to achieve greater equality in the social sphere by compelling the underclass to work and then subsidizing them up at least to the poverty line. He would make personal income matter less by spending $150 billion in tax receipts on medical care, universal day care, and compulsory national service. Like the hierarchists, Kaus is prepared to use coercion in service of what he considers to be the collective good.

A nineteenth-century classic by William Graham Sumner asks and answers a question central to Kaus's book: *What Social Classes Owe Each Other*. Though he would not agree with Sumner's individualist answer, Kaus's doctrine (civil but not monetary equality) should appeal to social conservatives. Kaus would not be surprised to discover that conservatives, without reading his book first, reject his thought as "liberal." That would be a pity. *The End of Equality* deserves to be read and pondered. But he also should not be surprised if liberals, who believe "the system" is to blame for all the inequalities that they believe cause people to behave badly, seek to drive him out of their egalitarian temple. □

All the President's Man

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

With Reagan: The Inside Story, by Edwin Meese III (Regnery Gateway, 350 pp., $24.95)

DURING Ronald Reagan's two presidential Administrations, at least until the Iran–Contra crisis broke halfway through the second, his political opponents and media critics seemed almost too afraid of him to protest vigorously. In the three and a half years since he stepped down, however, they have drawn a picture of a half-senile former actor, woozily bent on further enriching his wealthy friends while the nation endured a decade of greed and sleaze.

Mr. Reagan's associates have in general been a bit slower about publishing their own very different evaluations of the man and his times, but these are beginning to come on line. Now, at last, we have the account of the man who, on policy matters, was perhaps closer to President Reagan than anyone else. The result is, quite simply, the best and clearest account we are ever likely to get of the major policy decisions and crises of the Reagan Presidency.

Ed Meese served Ronald Reagan as chief of staff when he was governor of California. Reagan brought him to Washington in 1981 as "counselor to the President," and in 1985 named him Attorney General. In keeping with the time-honored principle that attacks on a President are first launched indirectly, against his close associates, Meese, who made no secret of his staunch conservatism, was doomed from the start to be a favorite media whipping-boy. (He genially compares accepting appointment as Attorney General to the blunder of the captain of the Olympic javelin team who "won the toss and elected to receive.") But he does not deal here with the vicious attacks on him personally. The present volume is Meese's detailed chronological account of the Reagan Presidency, as he saw it from deep inside.

Mr. Rusher, formerly Publisher of NR, *is a Senior Fellow of the Claremont Institute, in Claremont, California.*

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Meese has the clear, cool mind of a lawyer, without the verbosity and complexity that so often afflict the legal style. Innately good-tempered, he declares at the outset that he will avoid personal criticisms wherever he can, and he is as good as his word. But when Meese considers it necessary, no reader will be left in doubt where blame is to be assigned.

Thus at the very outset he makes it clear that he believes Reagan's decision to fire John Sears as his campaign manager in February 1980 was essential to his ultimate victory. For Sears wanted to redesign Reagan as "the establishment candidate"—a role that would have required him to jettison practically every belief he held dear.

Once in the White House, the Reagan that Meese saw and served was no amiable somnambulist. On the contrary, "Reagan was, in fact, a tough and decisive leader, one of the best I have ever known or seen in action . . . Far from being ignorant, he was widely knowledgeable on a host of issues—often much more so than his detractors." Chapter by chapter, Meese credits Reagan with being the real force behind key Administration policies, from tax reduction to cold-war strategy to SDI.

Along the way, Meese acknowledges the problems presented by various individuals. His remarks about White House Chief of Staff James Baker are circumspect, but quite enough to indicate that Baker was the Prince of Leaks. As for Deputy Chief of Staff Mike Deaver, Meese notes that he "was virtually the only original Reaganite from California who seemed to be totally overcome by the power and blandishments of the establishment, so that he basically aligned himself with the pragmatists."

Then there was OMB Director David Stockman, who betrayed the President by publicly attacking the Administration's tax policy. On the general subject of the "pragmatists" and taxes, Meese comments bitterly that "It all adds up to Stockman and [Treasury aide Richard] Darman becoming convinced by the late summer of 1981 that tax-rate reduction would be calamitous for the economy and setting to work surreptitiously to change the program."

It is in his detailed account of the Iran–Contra crisis, however, that Meese performs his most signal services for the historical record. He stresses, for example, that the hope of freeing our hostages in Lebanon was only one reason Reagan approved a limited arms deal with Iranian moderates. Meese lists three more:

Bonnie Gardner

> 1. To establish communication with moderate elements in Iran, in order to improve relationships with a post-Khomeini government.
>
> 2. To help bring an end to the Iran–Iraq war, preferably with neither a clear-cut winner, lest the war continue and further ignite the Middle East.
>
> 3. To influence the Iranian government to discontinue or at least diminish its support of terrorism.

Meese is certain, moreover, that President Reagan (and for that matter the late Bill Casey) were totally unaware of the diversion of arms-sale proceeds to the Nicaraguan Contras, and explains why. Independent of the testimony of Poindexter and North, and "equally convincing, to me at least, was the President's absolute shock and surprise when I informed him of the diversion. I think I know Ronald Reagan pretty well, and in my experience deep-dyed duplicity is not in him."

As for Casey, Meese points out that North, who "urgently needed to show higher authority for what he was doing," began by asserting that only McFarlane and Poindexter knew about the diversion of the arms-sale proceeds to the Contras. Not until after Casey's death did North add his name to the list. In addition, Meese argues, "Bill had an acute awareness of two key factors ignored in the diversion effort, even if it were in some technical sense acknowledged to be legal: bad tradecraft in covert operations, and the political calamity latent in crossing controversial policies. Whatever his critics say about Bill Casey, nobody questioned his knowledge of intelligence matters, or his political horse sense."

Meese, incidentally, deems the diversion unwise but adds, in a conclusion that will infuriate Democrats and their allies precisely because it's true: "Ironically, after more than five years of congressional, legal, and judicial investigation, there has not been one definitive finding of illegality concerning the original Iran–Contra actions."

When the fury of those liberal critics has finally blown away like smoke, Ed Meese, old Mr. Imperturbable, will still be standing there: unshakable testimony to the major political achievement of our time. ☐

Untying Our Tubes

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

THERE is a queasy sensation, like the aftereffects of a heavily sweetened milkshake, that comes with reading about certain technological innovations. One of the newest is the fiber-optic cable, an invention that will transform television and is—if you were to touch, taste, or smell it—clean, antiseptic, and altogether non-sickening. But listen to what's being said.

The *Wall Street Journal* recently speculated on some of the channels that may, as a result of fiber-optic technology, be added to the relatively few broadcast and cable channels we already have. One of them, "the Armani Network," would allow viewers to see animated models of themselves walking around on a stage, wearing "the latest suits." This service "would know [the customer's] size and could make him a custom suit out of the ma-

---

Mr. Klinghoffer is NR's *Associate Literary Editor.*

terial he chooses, then send it to him and bill his credit card." Another channel would present interactive soap operas, allowing the viewer to ask for background information about the characters, such as: "This is Bob, he showed up on the show yesterday, and he's having an affair with Rebecca."

Are you feeling ill yet?

Others predict a more exalted future for fiber optics—notably *NR* contributor George Gilder, in a slim, provocative new book called *Life after Television*. The object of Gilder's affection consists of a hair-thin strand of highly compressed sand, along which bits of information travel as digitalized light pulses, at a speed of something like 62,500 pages per second. An amazing thing about the fiber-optic cable is that it allows transmission in two directions. "Intelligence," Gilder writes, could thus "move from the broadcast station into inexpensive home-based personal computers [PCs]. The PC would eventually be able to manipulate video signals at the user's will, zooming in and out, performing replays, storing and even editing pictures." Gilder tells us watching TV will in this way turn from a passive activity into an active one.

That in turn will stimulate creativity, as channels are created to cater to every interest, passion, and, one assumes, perversion. Meanwhile, the enormousness of the new TV-channel marketplace (an experimental system already running in Queens, New York, has five hundred channels) will ensure the kind of competition that will produce excellence in programming of a degree we've never seen. This will lead to a revolution that will "enhance individualism," "strengthen capitalism and democracy around the world," and "renew our entire culture." Or so says George Gilder.

Life after Television: The Coming Transformation of Media and American Life, by George Gilder (Norton, 126 pp., $14.95)

Technopoly: The Surrender of Culture to Technology, by Neil Postman (Knopf, 222 pp., $21)

Now when it comes to the business of technology, Gilder is manifestly a genuine prophet. He sees trends and money-making opportunities others

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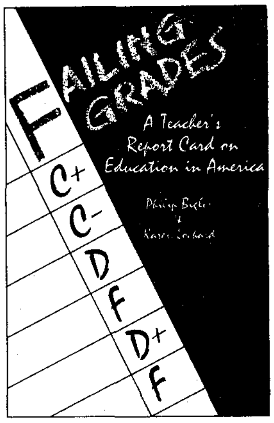

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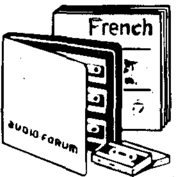

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don't, and can express them with a clarity and enthusiasm that are hard to resist.

Here is the bad news, as he compellingly tells it: While American consumers drooled over the promise of high-definition television, an unremarkable technology by comparison, the Japanese have been working away in quiet on their own fiber-optics system. The question is, will we wire America fiber-optically, or will the Japanese do it for us? The "key to U.S. competitiveness," Gilder argues, is a national "broadband integrated service digital network (ISDN) reaching into every home." Despite the efforts of forward-thinking executives at the phone companies, progress toward our own ISDN is made extremely difficult by regulations that, among other strictures, require the Baby Bells to collaborate on communication technology with foreign companies instead of AT&T. "We need a new prison protest movement: Free the Bell Seven," Gilder writes.

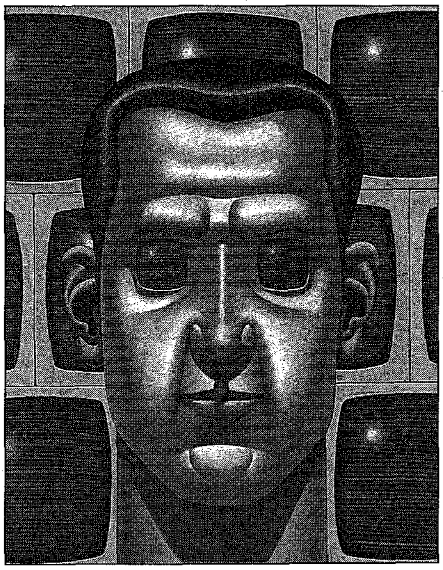
Which is to say, whether it means profit for U.S. business or not, fiber-optic telecomputing will come. This is a fact; but are we obliged to welcome it?

If Gilder believes that, in culture, more is better, he should consider what has happened to magazine publishing in the last forty years. In 1950, readers could choose from many fewer publications than we can today; but they could easily lay hands on such excellent magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post* and the old *New Yorker*. Today we have 24,000 to choose from, most of them minutely specialized, but hardly a single literary or general-interest magazine worth its inflated cover price.

If Gilder expects that life after TV, with its multitude of channels, will include such as the Armani Network and interactive soap operas, he doesn't mention them. He's not trying to hide anything from us, though. These would merely be pointless consumer diversions, fancier than but no different in spirit from cable's Home Shopping Network or MTV. The future Gilder does describe is, in some ways, even more depressing.

There is no more appalling image in this book than one on page 41. Using your two-way television, you could, Gilder says, "give a birthday party for Grandma at her nursing home in Florida, bringing her descendants from all over the country to the foot of her bed in vivid living color." The pathos of this scene, instantly arresting to this reader, somehow didn't strike George Gilder.

He also promises improved business methods. "With telecomputers in every home attached to a global network, why would anyone commute?. . . [Employees and executives] would be able to send and receive documents almost instantly from anywhere." Furthermore "The telecomputer could revitalize public education by bringing the best teacher in the country to classrooms everywhere." Imagine the poor student, forced to watch his math teacher on television, a teacher he knows he will never meet. You imagine a country in which people scarcely leave their bedrooms, but sit in front of their "telecomputers" all day, exchanging "documents." Can you smell the musty bed sheets? Your copy of *NR*, like all other magazines and newspapers, would appear on your computer screen as just another document. The eye, along with the esophagus, revolts.


Roberto Parada

Life after Television provokes feelings of dread for which Neil Postman's book, *Technopoly: The Surrender of Culture to Technology*, offers some justification. A professor of communications at NYU, Postman thinks the history of the world can be retold from the perspective of technological advances. In "technopoly," the present stage in Western culture, our tools, especially the computer, have committed a palace revolt, "redefining what we mean by religion, by art, by family, by politics, by history, by privacy, by intelligence, so that our definitions fit its new requirements."

Gilder and Postman agree that life in America has deteriorated owing primarily to the breakdown of traditional institutions: schools, churches, universities, families. Gilder predicts that the fiber-optic revolution will strengthen them—as, for instance, parents find they can educate their children outside of the public-school system, at a remote parochial or otherwise specialized school, simply by turning on the telecomputer. However, Postman understands something George Gilder doesn't: that a church or synagogue, a family or school, can't be reduced to a locus for the exchange of "information." A group of related persons isn't properly called a family if its activities consist of electronically mediated gatherings at which Mom and Dad and Son and Daughter, respectively located in Los Angeles, Dallas, Seattle, and New York, exchange video birthday greetings (birthday "information") with Granny, herself confined to that Florida nursing home. Because each is a community, these institutions require bodies bumping up against each other. There is no blood or flesh in the world of fiber optics, just flashes of energy moving at light speed. It's a vision of the future you can't even call "cold." It is without temperature.

For the expiration of family, work, and faith, Postman argues that modern technology can be blamed at least in part. He points—since we are talking about television—at TV's ravenous hunger for "symbols," to be used in advertisements and other programming. For subject matter, TV turns anywhere and everywhere—often to religious symbols—in a way that invites contempt. He cites the commercial for Hebrew National hotdogs, in which a heavenly voice tells a man dressed as Uncle Sam about the relative merits of federal and Jewish standards of food preparation. "It is quite unthinkable for the image of Jesus to be used to sell wine. At least not chardonnay," writes Postman. "On the other hand, his birthday is used as an occasion for commerce to exhaust nearly the entire repertoire of Christian symbology."

Also a problem is the amount of "information" with which fiber optics will confront users of home telecomputers—an amount that will make you nostalgic for the trash mail that used

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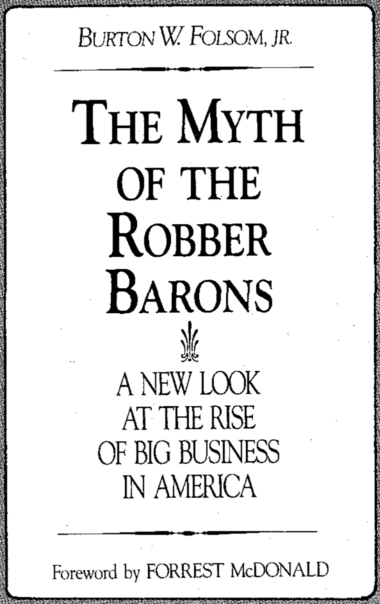

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to fill only your little mailbox. It will be impossible for any government to control the flow of information, says Gilder, and this will tend to undermine state power (remember what fax machines did to the hard-line coup against Gorbachev last year). But, Postman responds, a function of traditional institutions has long been to limit the information available to individuals, to discard the false in favor of the useful and even eternal. Already weakened, in the age of fiber-optics these institutions will be overwhelmed—hardly lowering the level of septic discharge from our films, television, books, and art.

Until now, what users of home computers have been promised has generally been new methods of spending money and wasting time. In the late 1970s, I was told by a salesman at a personal-computer store that the new Apple line of computers would help you balance your checking account, pay bills, maintain an address book, file recipes, create shopping lists, and "do spreadsheets." Fifteen years after my parents bought me my first Apple, I still don't know what a spreadsheet does. I do know that nobody I've ever met uses a computer as a personal address book or recipe file, much less to pay bills. It would take too long. Today, preparing a shopping list on a computer sounds like a symptom of neurosis. A college professor of mine once proudly introduced into his classroom a computer program, invented by himself, that threw the text of a Shakespeare play up on your telescreen and allowed you to query the computer about any Elizabethan word you didn't recognize. It turned out to be faster to look at the footnote in an actual book.

It's this, I think, that makes me feel queasy when salesmen talk about computers: It is the sensation of being cornered by a huckster who thinks he's talking to a fool. For the future, Neil Postman wisely urges us to greet these salesmen with distrust. George Gilder is very smart and is no salesman, but he may have spent too much time in their company. □

Only the Lonely

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

A FEW weeks from now, when her sons go away to boarding school for the first time, the Princess of Wales will be more alone than ever: not literally, of course—she will be surrounded by courtiers—but in a painfully empty nest, brooding on the absence of love. The future of her marriage will again be an unavoidable subject.

Diana: Her True Story, by Andrew Morton (Simon & Schuster, 167 pp., $22)

Serialization, and spoiling reports in rival papers, had already publicized the juiciest bits of this quite slim volume early on, but worldwide sales took not only the shops, but even the publishers, by surprise. An estimated million copies had soon been bought or ordered. The story just won't go away. A pop song, called "Diana," asks "What you doing with a guy like him? I know he ain't right for you." After intensive bidding, NBC acquired the rights to Mr. Morton's work, and a TV mini-series is now being prepared.

Vincent Lacava

In royal circles, for the first time, the unspeakable is being spoken: the possibility that there might actually be a divorce, and that Charles might relinquish his right to the throne in favor of his elder son.

No subject has been so divisive in Britain since the country was split over the rights and wrongs of the Suez War. When the argument about intrusion, about the public exposure of private matrimonial grief, moved on, after a few weeks, to an enjoyable story about the sexual straying of a cabinet minister, the conclusion to which all save the most anti-media, pro-politician commentators came was that the freedom of the press must be more important than the privacy of politicians. Surely, then, the public must have a still more legitimate interest in the matrimonial relationship of its future King and Queen? How could any self-respecting newspaper fail to report the allegations in Mr. Morton's book?

Some British newspapers did, however, refuse to carry them, and wrote high-minded editorials claiming to be above that kind of thing. Several—though not many—shops (including Harrod's but not Hatchard's) made a point of eschewing the book. Some people wouldn't even discuss the subject; others talked of nothing else. The reviewers were almost unanimously dismissive. Mr. Morton was called a "little hack," a tabloid vulgarian, who indulged in "prurient and malicious analysis."

None of which probably worries Mr. Morton, who in the past three months has become a rich man. The fair verdict must be that his book, although sometimes mawkish and often facile, is an extremely good read, much better than might be expected. It is certainly not well written in any technical sense, but the tone is neither shrill nor offensive; and it is irresistibly convincing. He has pieced together a lot of scraps, enhancing them with flagrant assumptions about what was going on "behind the mask" and what Diana "knew in her heart"; but there can be no doubt now that he was helped by some of Diana's close friends and that she herself does not disapprove of what they did. The lack of any denial, from any quarter, is powerful confirmation.

This is undisguisedly a book originating from, and appealing to, the Princess's faction; which was commercially the right way to go, since the Princess is hugely popular everywhere. It includes a lavish section of charming and touching photographs of Diana as a rather sad child and young

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s London correspondent.*

woman, many of them supplied by her family. They add to the pathos of the text. When she married she was very young, even for her years. The most chilling moment in the book is when, after the royal engagement has been announced, Diana packs her bag, hugs her friends, and leaves her jolly bachelor-girl flat forever, accompanied by a detective who observes that she has just had her last night of freedom. Those words, Diana is reported as saying, "felt like a sword through my heart."

The lack of warmth she found in her new life comes across poignantly and credibly. Charles, whom at that stage she genuinely loved, appears to have been, even then, an inconsiderate suitor; and little attempt was made by anyone to soften the rigidities of a royal regime to which no sensitive outsider could easily adapt. She was malleable, but it would have taken great gentleness to mold her into the shape required. What has happened instead is that she has matured into a shape of her own molding. She has designed a role for herself, and has proved, by instinct more than calculation, so successful at it that she is now in a position of considerable power. One commentator said, hyperbolically, that she held the future of the House of Windsor in her hands.

Not everybody is on her side. The Princess emerges from the book, according to one female reviewer, as an "hysterical ninny, forever in floods of tears, self-pitying, self-obsessed, acting for effect, childish, full of tantrums, totally unprepared for the responsibilities of public service." Another critic (also female) considered that the Princess was the true "villain of the book." This was the line being surreptitiously encouraged, in an abortive counter-attack, by the Prince's faction. But it didn't work; her magic is too strong. Her ostensible attempts at suicide, her eating disorders, perhaps even her jealousy of the Prince's old girlfriend, Camilla Parker-Bowles, have been largely self-induced troubles, but they constitute, for an unhappy girl, quite a familiar syndrome.

So what's to happen? Diana has said, more than once, that she doesn't believe she will ever be Queen. She would like to follow the Duchess of York over the wall, but, if she did, she would inevitably be separated from her sons, the heir and "the spare" to the throne. If she wanted to remarry, which is likely enough, all kinds of difficulty would arise. And could the Prince remarry? Probably not. The ghost of the Duke of Windsor stalks a constitutional labyrinth.

However, the monarchy is not really in danger. Any stirrings of republican sentiment vanish quickly before a single question: would you prefer a superannuated politician as head of state? Neither Mr. Morton nor Princess Diana brings much philosophic thought to bear on such questions or on the nature of royalty. What we are given instead is a tragic love story, the story of a beautiful princess with whom every man in England is in love—except her husband. □

FILM

Unforgiven? For What? By Whom?

JOHN SIMON

JUST what kind of a western is Clint Eastwood's highly touted ***Unforgiven***? Revisionist? Postmodern? Deconstructionist? Or merely adult? Mostly, I would say, confused. It is one of those well-meaning liberal attempts to do right by all current politically correct notions, and the penalty it pays is self-contradiction, muddledness, moral fog. These are not mortal flaws or sins—a fuzzy enthusiast will remain gleefully unaware of them—but they make for a movie that wobbles, lurches, and variously trips itself up.

The so-called adult western has been around for some time. In Henry King's *The Gunfighter* (1950), the protagonist was a gunslinger trying to put his past behind him, but in vain. Essentialism wins out over existentialism in *Shane* (1953) as well, where neither the love of a woman nor a

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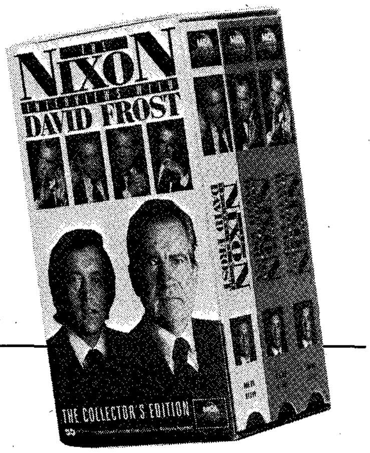
Mr. Simon, NR*'s film critic, is also theater critic for* New York *magazine.*



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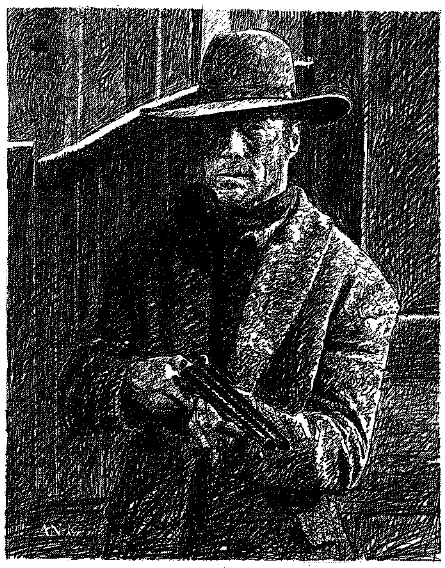
youngster's idolatry can keep the reformed gunfighter from riding off into his lonely sunset, after duly risking his life for the homesteaders. Still, he at least rides away; the hero of the earlier film is gunned down from behind by a glory-seeking young punk. In David Shipley's words, "a rotten tradition will have been passed on."

Alternatively, the adult western's protagonist may be someone like the marshal in *High Noon* (1952), virtually the only brave and honest person in town; he must take on the vengeful outlaws nearly alone, the solid citizens having cravenly forsaken him. In any case, as aging gunfighter or beleaguered upholder of the law, the hero is a pariah: a loner unsuited to a world too naïve or too corrupt. And there you have pretty much the entire repertoire of the adult western, those pictures from the early Fifties encapsulating most of what followed. Pauline Kael may sneer at them—"the message is that the myths we never believed in anyway were false"—but that isn't the whole story. The pariah-hero is a hero yet; those surrounding him are piddlers, poltroons, or worse.

The ambivalence in the adult western is what makes it potentially absorbing. That is what Sergio Leone, the father of spaghetti westerns, tapped into when he engaged an American television cowboy, Clint Eastwood of *Rawhide*, to portray the Man with No Name in *A Fistful of Dollars* (1964), and the rest is movie history. And now, 36 starring roles and ten westerns later—some of them directed by himself—Eastwood is back as director and star, playing William Munny, a former outlaw who robbed trains, shot up towns, and killed women and children. Then he married a good woman from New England who made a new man of him. But she died (of illness, not Munny), and here he is trying to run a pig farm to eke out a grim living—the hogs become diseased—for himself and his two young children.

A cocky pipsqueak, who calls himself the Schofield Kid and claims to have killed five men, rides up and asks Munny to team up with him to collect a thousand-dollar reward for the killing of two men guilty of brutally slashing the face of a young prostitute, Delilah, in the saloon-cum-brothel of Big Whiskey, a small town run despotically by Sheriff Little Bill Daggett, a reformed but sadistic ex-gunman. Over the protests of Strawberry Alice, the madam (Frances Fisher, and good), Daggett lets the culprits go; they must, however, provide several horses for Skinny, the weasely saloon owner, by way of restitution for Delilah's permanent impairment. Skinny is content, but Alice contemptuously rejects a very fine colt, offered to Delilah by the younger and less guilty of the men (he was an unwilling accessory). The men are chased away by the prostitutes, who pelt them with mud.

Already the politically correct features are manifest. The women, although whores, are basically moral: they have pride, spunk, and solidarity, and offer up their collective savings in their passion for justice. The minimally guilty and repentant younger guy must perish too; if a woman has been injured, it's a die for an eye. What was Delilah's offense? Ingenuous and inexperienced, she couldn't suppress a giggle at the smallness of her client's member. The slasher acted out of hurt male-chauvinist pride: sexism and suprematism out of male inferiority feelings, Freud enlisted in the feminist cause.



Alan Nahigian

More PC: the police are brutal (memories of *Dirty Harry*!), and all authority corrupts. Daggett is an autocratic brute who compels everyone staying in Big Whiskey to deposit his firearms with him. Noncompliers will be savagely beaten by him, even jailed; this is the fate that befalls the dapper British bounty hunter English Bob (Richard Harris at his arrogant best). But he has it coming to him: his job had been to shoot Chinese laborers who displeased the railroad barons. Killing workers of color is, of course, the most heinous crime. Yet isn't it the liberals, not Daggett, who are supposed to abrogate the right to bear arms? Haven't Eastwood and his scenarist, David Webb Peoples, slipped up here?

Munny, poor soul, has been farming for 11 years and he can hardly mount his horse any more, though once in the saddle, he's okay. His marksmanship with a six-shooter is all shot to hell, but with a rifle, he's still a crack shot. (Never fear: when called upon later on, his sidegun skills will be restored to him.) He spouts pious platitudes and keeps sanctimoniously extolling his dead wife's salutary influence until it begins to sound like a sendup. But his humility is clearly genuine, unless it represents some unconscious resentment on the filmmakers' part of the anachronistic feminism informing the rest of the film.

Political correctness is firmly in the saddle again when Bill Munny calls on his old friend and fellow ex-ruffian Ned Logan to enlist him in the enterprise, even if it means splitting the reward money three ways. Logan is played by the terrific black actor Morgan Freeman, whose race is, even more anachronistically, never commented on, not even by that loudmouthed Texan, the Schofield Kid, who objects only to his diminished profit. Ned, the black man, proves to be the noblest person in the movie. It is hard to persuade him to revert to his killing days, and he does it only because a woman has been abused. When the shooting starts, he can summon up no taste for it, and sorrowfully quits, offering his rifle to Bill, who returns it.

Needless to say, Ned falls into Daggett's hands, but even under merciless flogging refuses to reveal Bill and the Kid's whereabouts. Only when the torture becomes infernal does he spill a bean or two. His mate is an Indian woman (the only Indian in the movie), and she is just as humane as he. When he rides off with Bill and the Kid, she says nothing; she merely looks at the gun protruding from his saddle pack, and her expression is one of ineffable sadness. True, she is silent throughout her single, brief scene; but here her silence reaches the height of nonviolent protest.

There is also W. W. Beauchamp, the writer of cheap westerns, who travels with English Bob as his portable Boswell. This is the cowardly intellectual, ignorant about what really matters, misdirecting his adulation, and officiously getting in his betters' way. And there is Skinny, the saloon owner, a craven, crawling capitalist exploiting his women workers, and valuing a girl no more than a horse. This is even better than political correctness: this is populism. One wonders to what extent the filmmakers believe this stuff, and to what extent they are only pandering to their actual or presumed audience.

Nevertheless, there is also much solid craftsmanship here. As director, Eastwood knows the virtue of not rushing things, of allowing talk, fumbling words, stumblings into silence to make their points. He and his cinematographer, Jack N. Green, avoid shooting for obvious beauty, picturesqueness, and the Canadian Tourist Office. (Most of the filming took place around Calgary.) Outdoors it is usually overcast or snowy or, most often, storming or raining polecats and dogeys. Indoors it is generally dark, and what light there is is often moody backlighting. There is relatively little shooting, and even that frequently erratic. But it hurts: people die painfully, sometimes, indeed, grotesquely.

Certain characterizations and relationships have originality. The Kid behaves less than entirely predictably, and Munny himself, the most cliché-ridden figure (he even rides a near-cliché—an off-white horse), has his atypical moments. There is a nice scene between him and Delilah, and even the obligatory give-and-take between him and the Kid manages to sprinkle some idiosyncratic spice on the standard fare. Still, the most interesting character is that doggone Daggett, and Gene Hackman plays him to the hilt, and not an inch beyond. By far the best scene is the nocturnal one in which he has English Bob and Beauchamp behind bars, and he sits at a table outside their cell. Jeeringly he reads Beauchamp's penny-dreadful novelization of Bob's derring-do out loud, sneering at writer and wrongdoer alike. Saul Rubinek (Beauchamp) is superlatively unctuous and spongy, and Richard Harris offers bravura seething as Daggett taunts and tempts him with a tossed-

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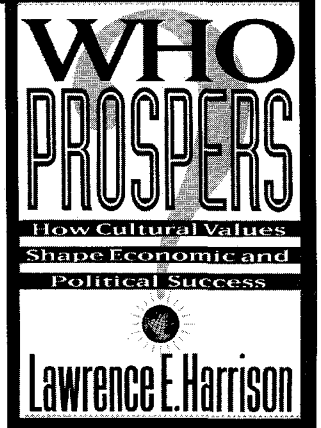

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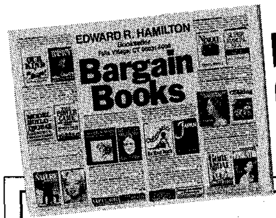
in gun into a duel Bob is bound to lose.

But such good moments are possible mostly when there are no righteous characters around (and they are fairly ubiquitous) to nudge their righteousness, however modestly and self-effacingly, into self-righteousness. Eastwood's own acting is adequate; the others, several of them Canadians, are admirable, including Jaimz Woolvett as the Kid. Yet almost everything Fenin and Everson say apropos of *The Gunfighter* in their seminal study *The Western* is pertinent here:

> In films whose theme has been that of the young hoodlum out to make his reputation by killing a wanted man, sympathy has always been with the older outlaw and almost never with the younger would-be fighter, who is invariably presented as sadistic or maladjusted. While this in a sense whitewashes the older outlaw, especially since he is also presented as a man weary of killing, aware that he is doomed, at the same time notions of violence for glory's sake and the temptation to take the law into one's own hands are heartily condemned. But in essence, one is asked to sympathize with the killer and to reject a man whose actions, if not motivations, will benefit law and order.

True, the Kid here doesn't try to shoot Munny, and Bill neither is nor feels doomed, but the situation is just as stereotypical and morally ambiguous. Here Munny gets his money and, as a title card informs us, moves with his kids to San Francisco, there to become a successful businessman. Virtue is and isn't its own reward. *The Unforgiven* isn't and is forgiven. ☐



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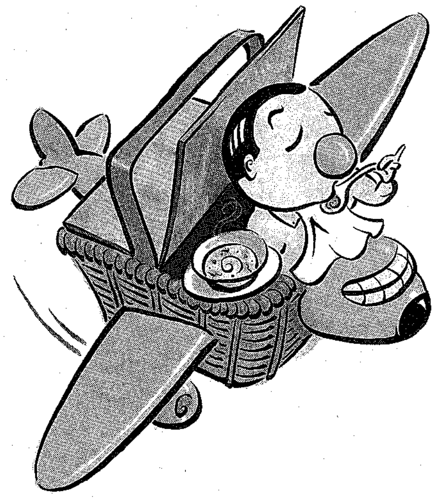
DELECTATIONS

Picnics for Evangelists

DIGBY ANDERSON

SUMMER has brought a rash of newspaper articles on picnics. I have a hilarious one in front of me explaining how dangerous picnics are: if you are not extremely vigilant the warmth and the air will attack whatever you take as soon as you remove it from your refrigerator, and you will wind up with food poisoning. The author cites the advice of one branch of the British health police, the Institute of Environmental Health Officers. These ghastly busybodies actually expect civilized ladies and gentlemen to take most of their picnic ingredients in jars and cans. The author recommends cans of beans, cans of tuna, jars of mayonnaise, and fruit soaked in salted water. Delicious!


Robert Prince

Quite apart from such absurdities, both the article and the timing of its appearance are founded on the misunderstanding that picnics are for the summer and the fresh air. Rot: picnics can be enjoyed in any season and often indoors. And they are often better in the dark than in the daytime. For picnics are simply meals prepared at home to be eaten away from home. I have picnics at conferences, on trains and planes, and indeed in other people's homes—anywhere where the food offered is not as good as mine. When they come to you mid-flight and offer you their horrid trays, you simply shake your head and get out your hamper. Before long there will be a buzz round you in the cabin as you start opening the oysters (they should be packed in damp seaweed, and don't forget your oyster knife: the airline, train, or conference center never has them). Next, a piping hot fish soup (in a thermos) will send the aroma of garlic and saffron off and around your neighbors, whose only smell has been the stench of eau-de-cologne-impregnated "wipes" and their own feet. Squid stewed in its own ink is another good one. Then a cold partridge with homemade aïoli, ripe Gorgonzola, and fruit. Walnuts make the best conclusion. The food should be as smelly and noisy as possible, and cracking the nuts passes the time. You will, of course, take crackers, your own napkin and ring, crockery, and cutlery. I even take my own wine, as it's so tedious having to juggle with eight of those pathetically tiny bottles they give you.

The procedure works well on trains too and, as I mentioned, at conferences, where quantities should be doubled and bolted down. Then there is that wonderful lightheadedness as blood rushes to the stomach and one drops off for a long snooze in the afternoon session. I see no reason why picnics should not work on long-distance buses but have not, of course, any direct experience. In all these settings you have paid for what your hosts are pleased to call food, so refusing it and substituting your own is simple.

Mr. Anderson is food columnist for The Spectator *(London), and the author of* The Spectator Book of Imperative Cooking.

When you are in other people's houses, there are problems of etiquette. Only do it when the food is likely to be especially bad, for instance at weddings or other celebrations. Mutter something about "an allergy" and with luck they will not press you to reveal it's an allergy to second-rate cooking.

But be prepared to put up with some abuse. After all, half the point of these picnics is to proselytize and teach the ignorant and lazy by example and contrast. Since the most ignorant and lazy about food are oddly those who can least afford such vices, younger readers might consider "Picnic Missions." Simply select a lower-class housing development where the residents are wasting their—that is, usually *our*, tax-redistributed—money on dull, unhealthy but costly food. Drive there, preferably at night, switch on the inside lights of the car, and eat your five-course dinner. Choose your menus for economy as much as taste: potato and leek soup, fish risotto, cold jellied pig's head, homemade bread, salad, fresh fruit. Do not be ostentatious: it is rude and foolhardy. For instance, silver napkin rings can give rise to all sorts of trouble.

Soon the livelier of the inhabitants will gather round peering through the car windows—which you periodically demist from the steam of the risotto so they can the better see and learn. They may tap on the window. This is because they want to take notes and have no paper. Hand them a sheet as you leave with the menu on it, instructions for the meal's preparation, and the cost. At the foot some well-chosen text urging gratitude for all the good things the Lord has given, better use of talents, and renewed commitment to homely duties.

Then it's home and into bed knowing you have eaten well yourself and helped the needy. That's what picnics are about, not avoiding diarrhea. ☐

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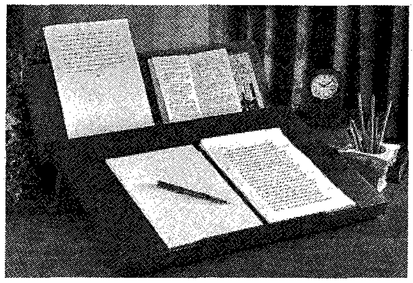

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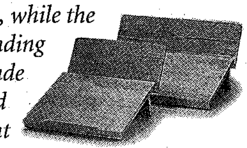

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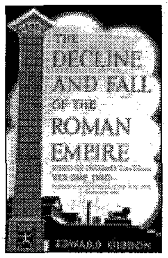

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tective work, far more significant than most of what passes for investigative reporting. Gross has delved into the federal budget, and after a close perusal found that it wasn't telling us half the real story. He calls the official budget "a masterpiece of confusion, obfuscation, and lies" in which "everything that could be scandalous is hidden." Consider federal overhead, defined here as "rent, telephone, supplies, travel, copying, etc." Governments can hide their overhead and pass the costs along to taxpayers, because they don't have to make a profit as usually understood. This means they can afford to hide their overhead even from themselves. And that is just what our government does, by burying most overhead expenses under such nebulous headings as "Other Services." Gross added up all the "Other Services" entries in the budget, and found they came to $170 billion. That's billion, as in Perot. Gross did a separate inquiry into how much the government spends just on decorating and furniture. An official of the General Services Administration didn't know: the budget listings are hopelessly vague. A ranking bureaucrat can spend $100,000 making his office posh. These days government, not business, is where avarice really runs amok, because it is unchecked by the fear, or even the possibility, of failure. Anyone who's in business is—well, in the wrong business.

— JOSEPH SOBRAN

Highly Confident: The Crime and Punishment of Michael Milken, by Jesse Kornbluth (Morrow, 384 pp., $23)

IN A much-needed rebuttal to James Stewart's *Den of Thieves*, Jesse Kornbluth attempts to explicate the Michael Milken affair once and for all. Kornbluth sympathizes with Milken, whom he portrays as a largely innocent creature of the financial forest, hunted to the death by Rudolph Giuliani and the Feds. A sound argument can be made for this view. But this reader came away uncertain that Kornbluth himself understands what Milken was up to that got him ten years in prison for securities-law violations, and quite certain that he has failed to explain it for the rest of us. Kornbluth is a contributing editor at *Vanity Fair* and takes that slick magazine's approach to journalism—which is to recount piquant details from his subject's personal life, while paying inadequate attention to less sexy matters. Such as money. "In finance, as in any other enterprise, character is destiny; motivation, relationships, and personality are perhaps even more important than numbers and dollars," he writes. This simply isn't true of Michael Milken, whose name first became a household word, not because of his tortured relationships with everyone from his father to Ivan Boesky, but because of the magnitude of the effect of his activities on the U.S. economy.

—JODY BRENNAN

Coming Out Conservative: An Autobiography, by Marvin Liebman (Chronicle Books, 320 pp., $19.95)

TWO years ago, Marvin Liebman—former director of the Committee of One Million, cofounder of Young Americans for Freedom, and a veteran conservative activist and fundraiser—published an open letter in NATIONAL REVIEW announcing his homosexuality. Now, in this autobiography, he seeks to bring these apparently contradictory "parts of my life together." Liebman's career has been a sequence of enthusiasms—Communism, anti-Communism, show business, conversion from Judaism to Roman Catholicism—each of which, he says, led to ultimate disappointment or failure. All the while, he was carrying on a furtive but incredibly promiscuous homosexual life, a life he long hated but has at last come to accept. The reader cannot help being glad that this troubled man has finally found peace. Unfortunately, this peace comes at the price of a certain obtuseness. Despite a lifetime of friendship from conservatives who knew his secret perfectly well, Liebman contends that the conservative movement festers with the hatred of homosexuals. Despite his political sophistication, Liebman refuses to recognize that the agenda of the gay-rights movement has moved far beyond its original request for tolerance and compassion. And despite his professed religious faith, he simply cannot understand that any reason but bigotry could compel a person to object to the innumerable anonymous sexual encounters described here so graphically.

—DAVID FRUM

TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 A	2 L	3 I	4 M	5 O	6 F	7 Q	8 P	9 C		10 D	11 H	12 K		13 B	14 U	15 N	16 R	17 M	18 D	19 O	20 L
21 C	22 H	23 P	24 T		25 I	26 A	27 J	28 G	29 O	30 F	31 S		32 Q	33 U	34 B	35 J	36 I	37 E	38 M	39 H	40 A
	41 P	42 D	43 K		44 L		45 N	46 J	47 C	48 O	49 P	50 Q	51 M	52 R	53 D	54 I	55 B		56 A	57 H	58 Q
	59 K		60 F	61 O	62 J	63 L	64 P	65 C	66 Q	67 N	68 D		69 O	70 N	71 Q	72 M	73 G		74 A	75 D	76 S
77 R		78 H	79 B	80 F	81 A	82 S	83 K	84 E	85 P		86 O	87 R	88 J	89 C	90 F	91 U		92 B	93 R	94 M	95 A
96 O	97 U		98 L	99 U	100Q	101R	102K	103F	104G	105I	106D	107A	108H	109J		110C	111G	112P	113H	114F	115L
116M	117T	118I		119U	120N	121A	122P	123I	124F	125E		126U	127K	128Q	129M	130E		131J	132M	133G	
134O	135P		136B	137A	138D	139O	140Q	141I		142M	143N	144D	145F	146O		147H	148J		149A	150N	151K
152B	153E	154R		155H	156S		157C	158I	159G	160T	161J	162K		163Q	164S	165D	166K		167L	168C	169F
170O	171H	172B		173R	174A		175L	176M	177I	178O	179C	180J	181E								

DEFINITIONS

A.	Complications	1 95 137 174 26 121 81 56 74 107 149 40
B.	Happier Sarajevo event	136 92 172 34 13 152 79 55
C.	Wicked	47 110 89 21 157 65 179 168 9
D.	Quake phenomenon	10 138 106 165 42 68 75 53 18 144
E.	Harriet Beecher Stowe character	84 181 130 37 153 125
F.	WWII fighters in Africa (2 words)	103 145 124 90 169 114 6 30 80 60
G.	Ma and Pa of note	73 104 159 133 111 28
H.	Charm	108 155 171 22 78 113 39 147 57 11
I.	Joel Chandler Harris character (2 words)	54 105 36 25 141 177 158 3 123 118
J.	Brainy operations	109 46 27 131 148 35 62 161 88 180
K.	Where the scrubs wait	151 102 12 127 83 59 162 43 166
L.	Popular dessert (2 words)	44 167 98 20 2 175 115 63
M.	Like the Alps	142 116 176 129 51 38 17 72 4 132 94
N.	Toddler's ailment	120 150 15 143 45 70 67
O.	Waiting for the right moment	61 178 86 134 29 69 19 96 139 146 48 170 5
P.	City on the Wabash	23 41 135 122 85 112 64 8 49
Q.	Severe loss of manpower	32 100 140 71 66 7 58 128 163 50
R.	Distaff campus group	101 173 87 93 154 52 16 77
S.	City south of Buffalo	156 31 76 82 164
T.	Legislator's response	117 160 24
U.	Molester, of sorts	97 99 14 126 119 33 91

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. WILLIAM MCGURN—*The Clinton Ticket*: "He . . . favors removing restrictions that would keep daughter Chelsea out of combat but bent all the rules to keep himself safe in Oxford rather than serve in Vietnam. She is a Yale law grad and apparently not a Tammy Wynette fan, for whom progress means a legal system where kids might sue Mom and Dad."

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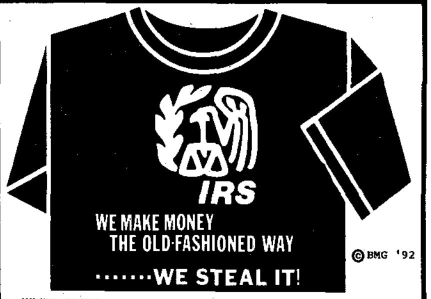

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THE GIMLET EYE

No New Conventions

I AM NOT a conventional person. Or so I keep telling myself. How I hate the plastic hotels, the mindless chanting of the rent-a-zombie crowds, the bumptious behavior of enmassed small-town delegates off on a toot, and the hasty, half-digested meals (and platform planks) that characterize Republican Conventions. Read my lips: No new conventions.

Every four years for the past quarter-century, I have solemnly sworn to skip the next Republican Convention; five out of seven times, I've broken my oath. Which was why I found myself up at the crack of dawn the morning of August 14, catching a 6:55 A.M. flight from Washington to Houston.

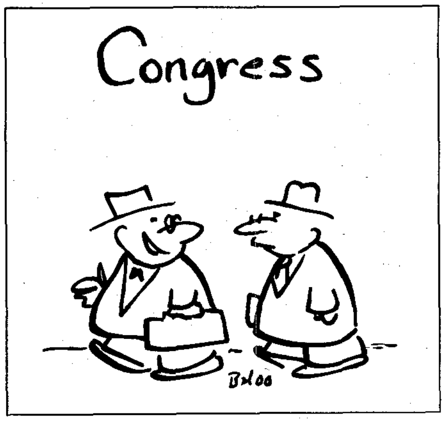
A car, with courteous local driver, was waiting at the airport, and Houston's "howdy" hospitality began to make inroads on my misanthropy. But the first, forlorn view of the Astrodome, looking like an abandoned Soviet nuclear reactor and surrounded by vast tracts of treeless, empty concrete parking lot, refocused my critical faculties. That and the accommodations; the Days Inn had been chosen for the speechwriting and editing task force because it is within quick, if sweaty, walking distance of the convention complex. But there its virtues ended. With its midget showers and giant insect life, we were soon referring to it as the "Disease Inn." In fairness, it has reportedly been scheduled for demolition, and, again, the Houstonian employees were all models of courtesy and helpfulness.

After a day spent editing and riding herd on Convention speakers, I adjourned to the nearest watering hole, the well-run Cattleman's Club in the neighboring Sheraton. The name of the bar inspired me to order a bullshot, which, taken with a miniature bottle of Tabasco sauce, turned out to be the perfect resalination drink after the steamy hike from our bunker in the Astrodome.

Again, my hostility wavered; the place was a virtual class reunion. Before I could pull up a barstool, I bumped into three British correspondents from the *Daily* and *Sunday Telegraphs* and the *Daily Mail*, "Scott," a zany TV correspondent from Washington now resident in Houston (covering the scandal beat, he later trailed several stuffy but sozzled senior GOP types to Houston's premier strip joint), and George Embrey, the veteran, certifiably non-liberal correspondent for the *Columbus Dispatch*.

Later that evening my misanthropy suffered its final setback when we pulled a gastronomic coup, discovering the delightful, if unimaginatively named, "Rotisserie Beef and Bird" at 2200 Wilcrest. Texans will shoot anything; often enough, they hit highly edible game, so the rotisserie's larder is always amply stocked. Presided over by an amiable German master chef and boasting a good cellar as well as tempting menu, it is both a delight and a bargain.

The skids having been greased, I gave up and enjoyed the rest of my week in Houston. Highlights included the satisfaction of having the mike cut off on a veteran congressional gasbag we will call "Greg von der Yack." After years of ignoring time limits, he made his final exit with jaws flapping and arms flailing, his mike dead, and his shouts drowned out by the band.



"You don't have to fool all of the people all of the time—you just have to fool the press."

Seeing my old boss, Ronald Reagan, deliver the speech of a lifetime was one of the week's greatest satisfactions. Additional relish was provided by an enraged NBC correspondent, Andrea Mitchell, turning to a liberal colleague as wave upon wave of applause inundated the Gipper, and snarling, "He got away with it *again*!"

The poor beggars still can't understand something as basic and natural as Ronald Reagan's appeal to the optimism, enterprise, and basic decency of the average American. But, then, what would they know about such things?

THE REST of the official proceedings went about as well as could be expected, producing the much-needed "bounce." Pat Buchanan did his Savonarola number, scaring some but inspiring many others. Compassion weighed in with a moving, dignified speech by a *real* victim of AIDS, Mary Fisher, and some warm, sensible talk from America's Mother of all Mothers, Barbara Bush. Danny Boy exhibited his new-found rhetorical testosterone, and Mr. Bush, as usually happens in a pinch, showed that his fires had not been banked. Slick Willy has a fight on his hands.

But my favorite memories are the unofficial vignettes: *NR*'s sparkling cocktail party on Tuesday night, a salon amongst saloons that brought together neo-cons, paleo-cons, VIPs, wits, wastrels, and some first-rate beauties; the appalling moment when a prominent European columnist, whose aesthetic judgment I had hitherto trusted, confided that Marilyn Quayle "turned him on"; the shambling old bagperson I spotted in the corridor one afternoon who looked like a broken-down parody of Norman Mailer (who, on closer inspection, he proved to be); the barbecue, the Lone Star Beer, the unhassled civility of ordinary Houstonians, and the reconfirmation of an old suspicion that, while all mobs are loathsome, Republican mobs are less smelly, self-righteous, and undemocratic than Democratic mobs . . . all leading to the dread suspicion that, four years from now, I'll break my "no new conventions" pledge for the sixth time in 28 years.

—ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Mr. Bakshian, an aide to Presidents Nixon, Ford, and Reagan, is the author of two books on presidential politics.

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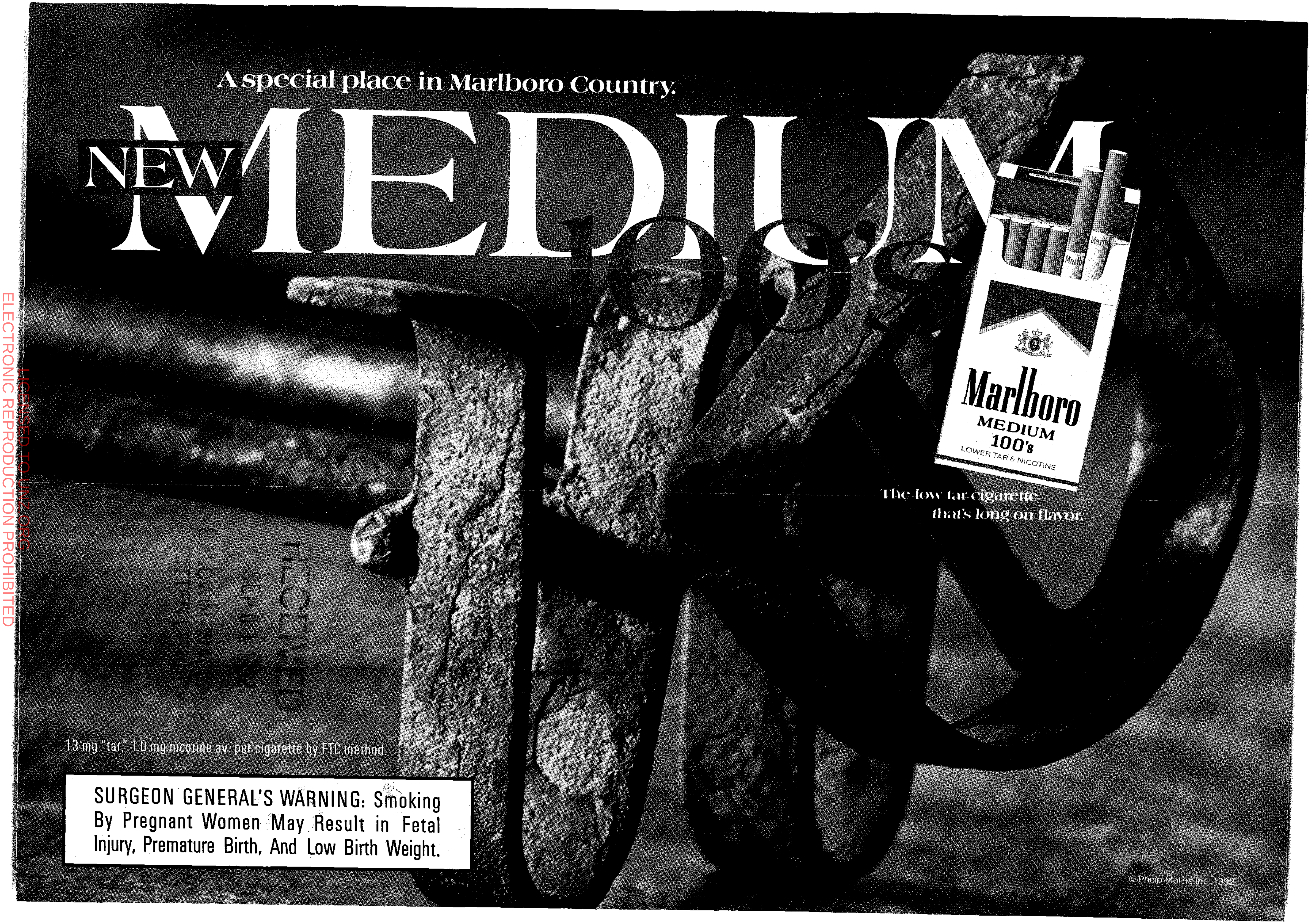
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